

VOGUE

WINTER

**FLORENCE
PUGH**
FIERCE, FEARLESS,
UNFILTERED

MADE IN
ENGLAND
BURBERRY'S
NEW CHAPTER

STYLE 2023

ULTRA-WIDE PANTS, SUPERSIZED BAGS,
AND SPARKLE, SPARKLE, SPARKLE!







DIOR







LOCK COLLECTION
TIFFANY & CO.







FENDI
ROMA





CONSTELLATION COLLECTION

NICOLE KIDMAN'S CHOICE

The world knows Nicole Kidman for her excellent performances on screen, style on the red carpet and passionate commitment to women's rights. We know her as a friend. A brand ambassador since 2005, Nicole has wit, grace and exceptional taste in watches. She loves to select a model to suit her mood. Here she wears the Constellation Small Seconds in 18K Sedna™ Gold, with a sun-brushed burgundy dial. A watch with almost as many diamonds as Nicole has awards.

Ω
OMEGA





DOLCE & GABBANA

DOLCEGABBANA.COM

BOTT
EGA

VEN
TA

guttedbox
for
bottega

BOTT
TEGA
ENE
TA

Monte Carlo
for Bottega Veneta



MARC JACOBS



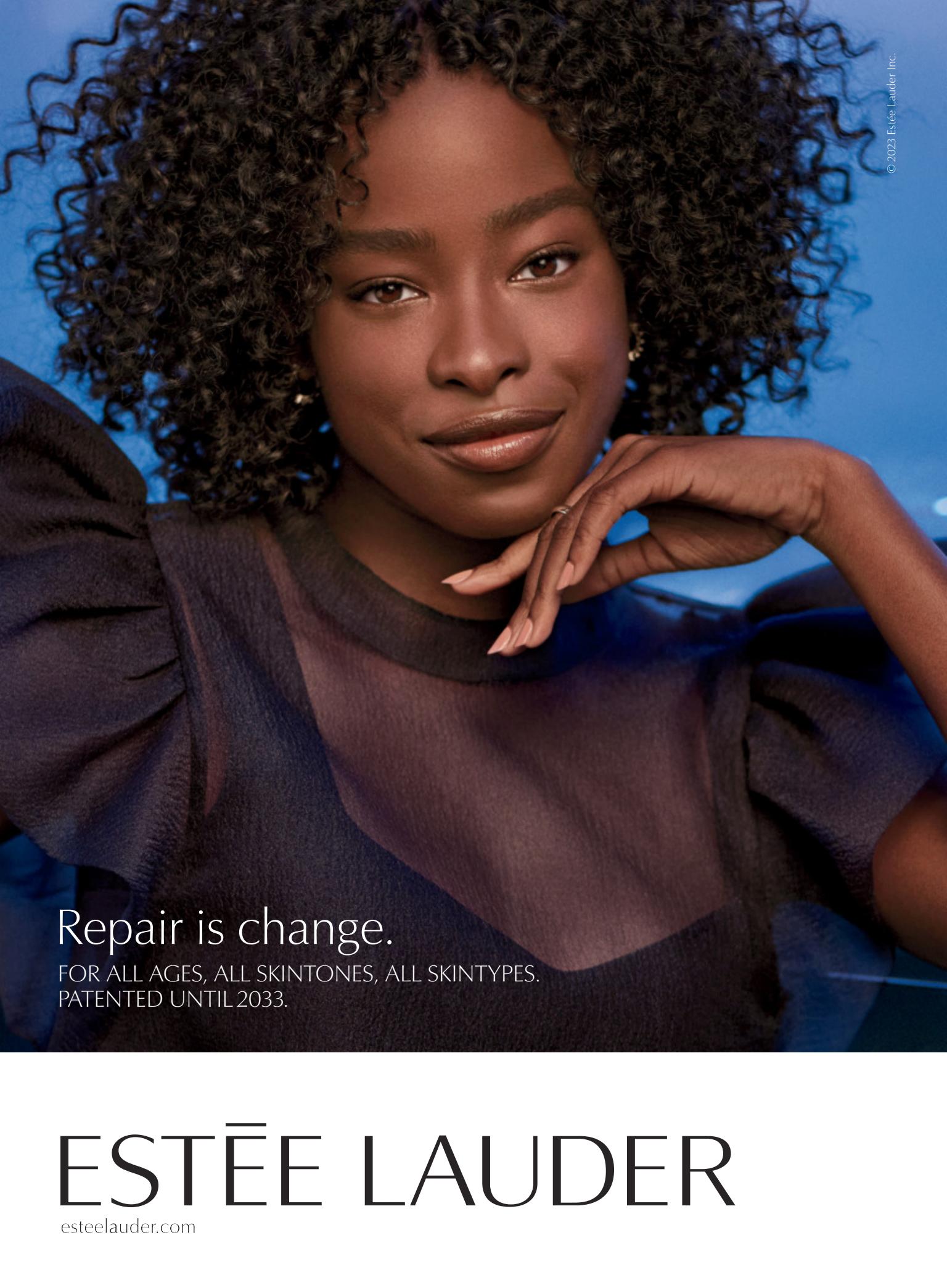
Solitaires & Wedding bands

Van Cleef & Arpels

Haute Joaillerie, place Vendôme since 1906





A close-up portrait of a woman with voluminous, curly, dark brown hair. She is resting her chin on her right hand, which is propped under her head. Her gaze is directed towards the camera with a soft expression. She is wearing a dark, ribbed, V-neck top. The background is a solid, bright blue.

Repair is change.

FOR ALL AGES, ALL SKINTONES, ALL SKINTYPES.
PATENTED UNTIL 2033.

ESTÉE LAUDER

esteelauder.com

AMANDA GORMAN

Estée Lauder Global Changemaker

Discover the One, the Only.



Awaken your skin to a new possibility.

Wake up radiant. Look smoother, more even-toned.
Feel firmer. Advanced Night Repair serum is an invitation to reset.
Reassess. And re-imagine the possibilities for your skin.





MaxMara

VOGUE

Winter 2023



PICTURE PERFECT

AT THE SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, BETWEEN ALEX KATZ'S *ADA AND VINCENT* AND *ROSE BUD*, BOTH FROM 1967. MODEL AJOK DAING WEARS A RED MEDEA BAG. PRADA PINK BAG, JACKET, TOP, SKIRT, AND SHOES. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEX WEBB.

24 Editor's Letter

Tamar Adler finds out in Finland

28 Contributors

40 Love All

Rafael Nadal releases a collection of fragrances with his wife

32 Emma in Paris

Lancôme teams up with Emma Chamberlain

37 New Romantics

A generation of young jewelers is creating deeply personal work

38 All Tomorrow's Menus

What if you could make food out of thin air?

inspires a new body care range

48 Flying Solo

Coco Brandolini d'Adda launches a label all her own

50 Free Radical

Chloe Schama meets Florence Pugh, Hollywood's most grounded superstar

45 Live and Learn

New winter fiction

Color-saturated market totes

Naomi Biden

gets married on the South Lawn. By Chloe Malle

74 England Made Me

Daniel Lee sets out to make his mark on Burberry. By Nicole Phelps

76 A Good Sign

At BAM, Oscar Isaac and Rachel Brosnahan bring a rarely seen play back to life. By Marley Marius

62 Go Big!

Fun silhouettes

82 Ring In the New!

Naomi Biden

and eye-catching jewelry

92 Into the Light

Lan Samantha Chang celebrates the Lunar New Year

94 Just One Thing

Wide-leg jeans and

their 1970s vibe are again a force of nature

102 The Get

Chic kitchenware and kitschy accessories

110 Last Look

Cover Look A Wonder

Florence Pugh wears a Bottega Veneta dress. Tiffany & Co. septum ring. To get this look, try: Double Wear Sheer Long-Wear Makeup in 2W1 Dawn, Powder Bronzer in Light, Bronze Goddess Highlighting Powder Gelée in Heatwave, The Brow Multi-Tasker in 02 Light Brunette, Sumptuous Rebel Length + Lift Mascara in Black, and Pure Color Matte Lipstick in Flirtatious. All by Estée Lauder. Hair, Akki Shirakawa; makeup, Fara Homidi. Details, see In This Issue.

Photographer: Colin Dodgson.

Fashion Editor: Gabriella Karefa-Johnson.

A photograph of a woman with dark hair, wearing a shimmering gold sequined off-the-shoulder gown, standing in a dimly lit, crowded room. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is filled with warm, glowing lights and other people.

VOGUE CLUB

**YOUR EXCLUSIVE
ACCESS TO
VOGUE MOMENTS**

MEET THE EDITORS
VOGUE WORLD
FORCES OF FASHION
THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

**MEMBERS
EXPERIENCE
MORE**

JOIN VOGUE CLUB

VOGUECLUB.COM





PRADA

FINE JEWELRY
ETERNAL GOLD

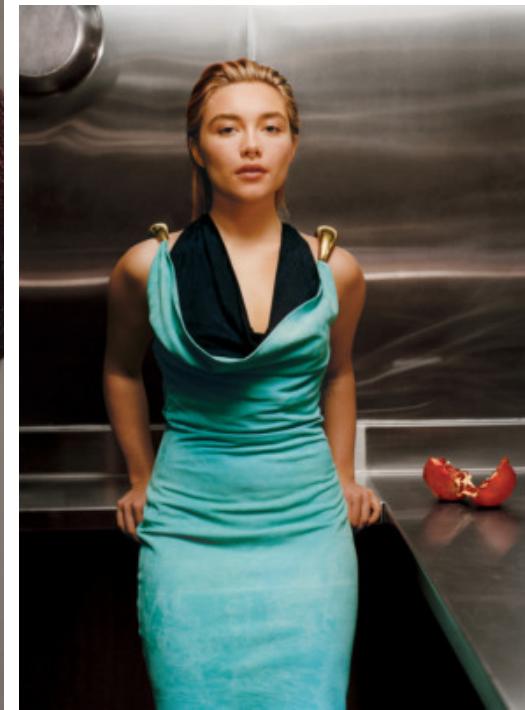
Letter From the Editor



The Real Thing

THERE'S A MOMENT OF SERENDIPITY in our cover story this month, which is on the remarkable actor Florence Pugh. When she arrives at a weaving studio in Brooklyn for an hour of loom work and conversation with *Vogue*'s Chloe Schama, they find a pair of teenage girls sharing the space. Of course Florence, being who she is—which is unfailingly genuine and gregarious—immediately engages the girls in talk. I saw this quality myself when Florence and I recently attended the theater together in London's West End; audience members were drawn to her like a magnet (young women especially) and she was lovely to each and every one.

Much is being made of the end of the movie star—it seems Hollywood is not minting them the way it used to. But Florence is proof that an old alchemy still works: Talent plus authenticity equals an actor you can't take your eyes off of. Florence is dazzling on a red carpet, fearless in her choice of film roles, and so winning in person that you instantly root for her in everything she does. (When our photographer Colin Dodgson asked Florence to pull on rubber gloves and hold a giant salmon for his camera, she said, Why not?)



FALLING FOR FLORENCE

LEFT: PUGH, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANIEL JACKSON, *VOGUE*, FEBRUARY 2020. ABOVE: PHOTOGRAPHED BY COLIN DODGSON, WEARING BOTTEGA VENETA.

This is Florence's second *Vogue* cover, and while her career continues its steady ascent—she has the lead in a new indie film, *A Good Person*, and two major blockbusters coming this year—much about her has stayed the same. She is the product of a warm and charmingly eccentric family upbringing, and remains extremely close to her three siblings and connected to a circle of old friends in London. She's still brilliantly uncautious in her public utterances, chastising internet trolls who had something to say about the Valentino dress she wore to Couture in Rome this summer. And she's still adept in a kitchen, which is, of course, the setting for her viral "Cooking With Flo" videos on social media and for our original *Vogue* video as well, which is out now. Florence is putting the finishing touches on a new kitchen of her very own in South London, where she recently moved after a pandemic spent in Los Angeles. Run into her on the street in her neighborhood, and she might just invite you over.

Equally inviting is the rest of this special combined Winter issue, which features a story about Naomi Biden's wedding, the first of its scale to be held at the White House in more than a half century; a vibrant fashion portfolio celebrating the Lunar New Year, photographed by Theo Liu; and a tale of two Alexes: photographer Alex Webb's tour of the must-see Alex Katz retrospective at New York's Guggenheim Museum, with giant tote bags in tow. The Katz show will still be up when you read this, and it's a showcase for another true-to-self artist. The more of them, the better.

Amaranth.



SWAROVSKI



BANANA

REPUBLIC

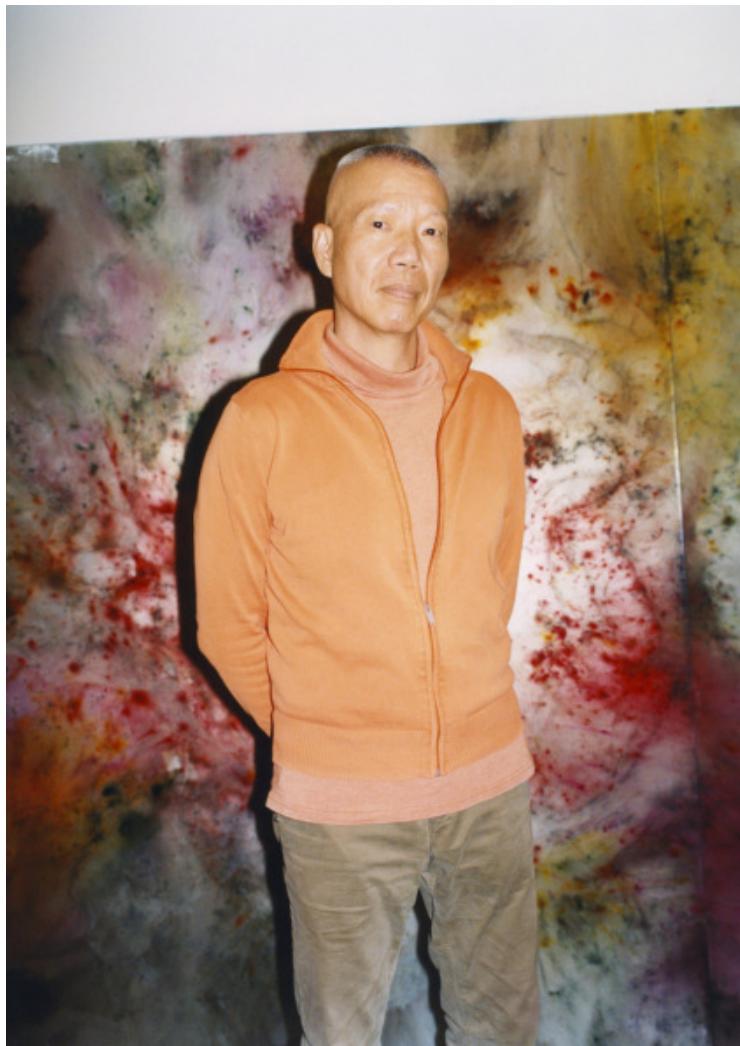


Contributors



Forged by Fire

Heading into 2023, celebrations of the Chinese New Year—also known as the Lunar New Year or the Spring Festival—offered a joyful jumping-off point for “Ring In the New!” (page 82), a fashion story styled by global contributing editor Gabriella Karefa-Johnson and photographed by Theo Liu. In it, the striking shapes and colors of the clothes are set off by the work of Chinese artist Cai Guo-Qiang, who hosted the shoot at his rambling 28-acre property in Morris County, New Jersey. Born in Quanzhou, a port city on the Taiwan Strait, Cai came of age amid the gunfire and cannon blasts that accompanied the Cultural Revolution—an experience that later informed the large-scale explosion events and inventive use of gunpowder at the heart of his practice. (Remember those mesmerizing fireworks displays at the 2008 and 2022 Olympics in Beijing? All Cai.) For “Ring In the New!” he created a “gunpowder painting” called *Poppy Hallucination: Year of Rabbit* (2022) by brushing the colored powders used for daytime fireworks into stenciled shapes between huge panes of mirror and glass, and setting the whole thing ablaze. Models He Cong, Sherry Shi, Sora Choi, and Yumi Nu then helped to snuff out the fire with sandbags. “I wanted to make them interns for the day,” he says with a laugh.



HAVING A BLAST

TOP LEFT AND BELOW: MAKING POPPY HALLUCINATION: YEAR OF RABBIT (2022) INVOLVED GIANT STENCILS AND A FLASH OF FIRE. ABOVE: CAI GUO-QIANG IN HIS STUDIO.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY THEO LIU. FASHION EDITOR: GABRIELLA KAREFA-JOHNSON. HAIR: CHARLIE LE MINHUU. MAKEUP: FARAH HOMIDI. PRODUCED BY HEN'S TOOTH PRODUCTIONS. SET DESIGN: GRIFFIN STOORDARD. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.



Skechers[®]

THE UNO



SKECHERS.COM
AVAILABLE FOR **MEN & WOMEN**

pipaTM urbn

Modern rides, reimagined

The only baseless infant car seat with pipaFIX™ rigid latch that can install in 2-seconds at an ultralight weight of 7 lbs.

nuna[®]



choose your PIPA urbn travel system





Emma in Paris

As Lancôme aims to extend its reach to Centennials, the French heritage brand teams up with the digital generation's most prominent creator.

At 21, Emma Chamberlain is as “new” Hollywood as they come. For the uninitiated, the digital creator dropped out of her Bay Area high school in 2017 and moved to Los Angeles alone, at 17, to pursue YouTube stardom. She quickly found a 3 million-strong following that propelled her to sign with UTA, take home numerous Streamy Awards (arguably the Oscars of online creation), and become a fixture of Paris Fashion Week. Chamberlain isn’t just *on* YouTube; many people credit her with creating the ubiquitous editing style that now pervades the platform—quick cuts, text-heavy screens, carefully selected pauses—and that keeps viewers tuned in to the mundanities of her day. The marketing opportunities soon followed, from Chamberlain Coffee, with its Zoomer-friendly vanilla and matcha blends, to endorsement deals with brands including Cartier and Louis Vuitton. This month, she will add another prominent subscriber to her follower count as she becomes the newest—and youngest—global ambassador for Lancôme.

But this is not your average YouTube vlogger success story. Petite and practically platinum blond with a loud, clear voice, Chamberlain is dressed in a puffer jacket over a tank top and jeans when I meet her in a near-empty dining room in West Hollywood’s historic Tower Bar. Her skin is noticeably glowing—and makeup-free, she reveals with a humble head tilt, a nod to a personal beauty approach that hinges on “efficiencies.” Though Chamberlain doesn’t typically deal in tutorials on contouring or trying to make herself look “really tired, but natural,” she jokes, the hunt for more involved application techniques is what initially led her to YouTube as a middle school cheerleader. “It was one of the first things that really got me into the routine of using the platform,” she reveals. The compelling thing about Chamberlain is that, whether she is debating the pros and cons of Accutane or demonstrating her iced almond latte recipe in painstaking detail, she walks the line between approachability and authority, earning trust through her often goofy and unscripted antics. “Emma brings a unique vulnerability and authenticity,” confirms Max Cutler, head of talk creator content and partnerships at Spotify, which will start exclusively broadcasting her popular *Anything Goes* podcast early this year.



YOUTH DO

Chamberlain has built a loyal following around unscripted, often goofy video antics, but she's serious about skin care.

Chamberlain takes that trust seriously. Momentarily sounding like a very young, very cool dermatologist, she praises the benefits of clarifying chemical exfoliants, plumping hyaluronic acid, and refining retinol from a place of experience as someone who is still intimately familiar with adolescent breakouts. The significance of representing these kind of performance-based products versus, say, the neon eyeliner sticks and star-shaped pimple patches that populate many of her peers’ pages, is not lost on the creator—nor is it lost on Lancôme as the concept of “big screen” talent is redefined by the internet. “This is a fully different experience,” admits Chamberlain.

While riffing on the topic of “skinfluencers” over the last of our drinks, her eyes light up as she reveals her boyfriend, who is rumored to be musician Tucker Pillsbury, is a skin care guy. “He recently let me give him a facial for the first time,” she laughs. I ask if he listens to *Dewy Dudes*, the skin care podcast hosted by Emilio Quezada Ibañez and Evan Shinn; intrigued, Chamberlain promises she’ll pass along the recommendation, and, whether she’s being genuine or just using her preternatural ability to sell anyone on anything in a way that *feels* genuine, I believe her. —EMMA SPECTER



NYFW
THE SHOWS

Brass & Black

Hot Trends from New York Fashion Week

Café recently partnered with fashion designer Rebecca Minkoff at New York Fashion Week to spot the hottest trends to inspire Café's new hardware finishes. Take a look at what Rebecca had to say.

“ **Hardware** is one of the most important ways I show my design aesthetic. It's how the brand is identified. ”



“ **Brass** is everywhere. It's an incredibly beautiful, rich hardware that only gets better with time. ”

“ **Flat Black** is core to every collection. It's our most popular color so it's really a classic at this point. ”



PRESENTED BY CAFÉ APPLIANCES

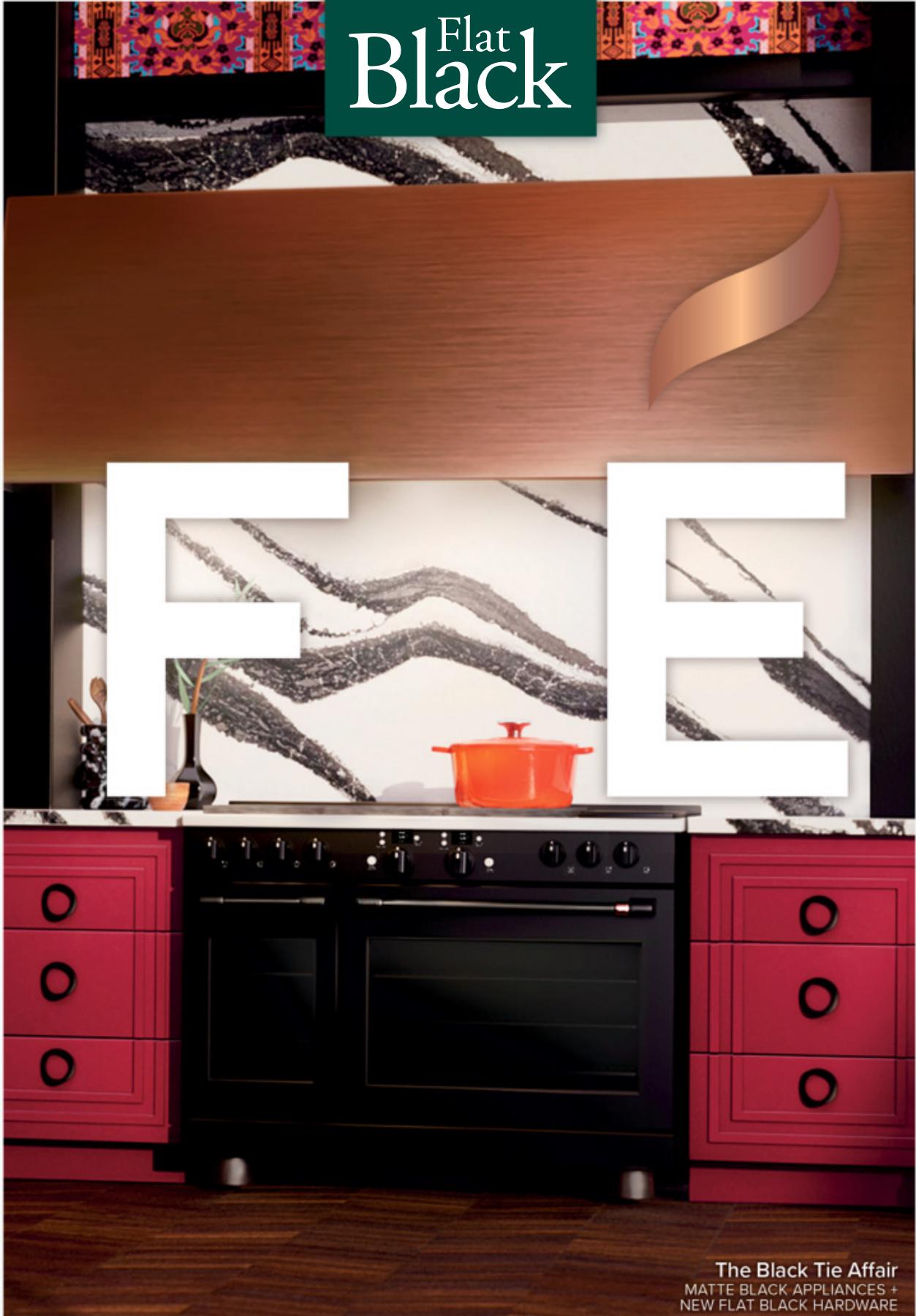
Brushed
Brass

CAB

The Cabana Club Couture
MATTE WHITE APPLIANCES +
NEW BRUSHED BRASS HARDWARE

It's Time Appliances Had a Personality.
Yours.

Flat Black



The Black Tie Affair

MATTE BLACK APPLIANCES +
NEW FLAT BLACK HARDWARE

Two Bold New Hardware Finishes
To Express Your Unique Style.



CAFÉ

Inspired by the runway

Kitchen Finish Trends

Café appliances brings trends from the runway into the kitchen space with two new choices of hardware finishes in Brushed Brass and Flat Black.



Brushed Brass

Warm yet striking, this dramatic finish is a rich accent to your appliances.



Flat Black

Sophisticated and inviting, this head turning matte finish is a modern twist on a classic hardware choice.



Complete the Look with new Café hardware which now seamlessly coordinates with KOHLER finishes.



KOHLER Vibrante[®] Brushed Moderne Brass



KOHLER Matte Black



New Romantics

A generation of young jewelers is creating deeply personal work that resonates with the moment.

PROUNIS

While other college students spent their summers goofing off, Jean Prounis, 29, was studying chain making, granulation, and bezel making. "I just fell in love with it," she says, smiling. "I found it a very meditative process."

For the New York-based Prounis, the muse can alight in strange places: The curved legs of a Greek funerary bench encountered in a museum in Pella, for example, inspired a pair of exquisite earrings of rock crystal and lapis—rendered, like all her work, in 22-karat gold—among her latest creations. (Grace Wales Bonner and Kaia Gerber are fans.) The Roz ring, this author's favorite, offers a single stone sunk in a hammered frame.

"Everything is made with purpose, to be worn with purpose," Prounis declares. Then again, she admits, "I do like to infuse some laughs." She wiggles the looped bracelet on her wrist, confessing that its design was actually based on the colorful rubber bracelets she and her high school friends wore. "I haven't taken it off."

CASTRO SMITH

It was never Castro Smith's plan to become a jeweler. He fell into it in London, where he learned engraving and the strict discipline of heraldic carving; he studied metalwork and patination in Japan. But when he began his signet ring business, also in London, "I didn't want to follow the traditional ways," Smith, 34, says. "I wanted to play around with ceramic, vitreous enamel, different patinas, and with the texture of the metal."

His pieces are beautifully executed, but it is their subject matter—sometimes quirky, sometimes slightly spooky—that sets the work apart. An early ring he made for Dover Street Market features the image of a skull,



NEAR AND DEAR

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP:
Darius Khonsary, Castro Smith, and Jean Prounis,
with examples of their work.

purloined from instructions for paralyzing a foe. Another piece takes that most conventional of symbols, the heart, and shows it complete with pulsing arteries. He describes a ring he made memorializing a couple's first date, a tiny piece of sushi engraved on the inside. "It's their little secret."

DARIUS

When Darius Khonsary was five, her Persian grandmother gave her a custom-made pendant that she describes as a "magic square." It was

the beginning of an intense love affair with jewelry. "It's magic and history and my culture, all tied together," says the LA-based artisan, 27.

Khonsary's work is both delicate and slightly rough-edged, with everything rendered in satin-finished 18-karat gold. (Zendaya is the proud owner of an exquisite custom diamond-and-sapphire necklace.) Her horoscope series breathes life into that hackneyed category; rings flaunt audacious color combos. The Sisters necklace is based on a motif from an ancient cylinder seal. If the roots are archaic, the result is wonderfully modern. Khonsary, among the first openly trans women working in fine jewelry, wants her creations to speak for themselves—"but there is no separation between my work and who I am."—LYNN YAEGER



All Tomorrow's Menus

What if you could make food out of thin air? Tamar Adler heads to Finland to try a space-age protein powder that may change the future of eating.

On the corner of 51st and Seventh Avenue in Manhattan, the aroma of charcoal-burnished lamb hangs enticingly in the winter air above Midtown's halal carts. Alas, I can't stop for a snack. I have a reservation down the block at Le Bernardin, that temple of pristine French seafood helmed by Eric Ripert. Tonight, however, I'm not going for the delicate skate wing or sea trout. Ripert is the first chef in New York City to be cooking with Nature's Fynd, which is not seafood at all, but a protein fermented from an extremophilic fungal microbe (*Fusarium strain flavolapis* or "yellow stone," nicknamed Fy) discovered by NASA-funded scientists in an acidic hot spring in Yellowstone National Park.

"I really think it's fantastic," says chef Ripert, as my first course arrives—a tender puck of Yukon Gold potatoes and Niçoise and Castelvetrano olives, surrounded by a tomato sauce vierge, topped with a thick blanket of Nature's Fynd cream cheese. "We have to create food that can feed the planet," Ripert continues. "But what's most important for me is that it is delicious." It is delicious, the fungal cream cheese possessing the richness and light acidity of mascarpone and the internal froth of Swiss meringue. The dish pairs impeccably with a Roussette du Bugey from the Jura. I follow it with a chocolate waffle cone filled with an airy hazelnut praline mousse whipped from powdered Fy. My meal concludes with a summery fig leaf ice cream churned from Nature's Fynd cream cheese.

I am preoccupied with the future of food, likely owing to a predilection for what I believe is referred to as "doomscrolling." As any climate doomscrolling can tell you, our food system is a disaster. Agriculture is responsible for about a third of human-made greenhouse gas emissions. Over half of the earth's habitable land is already being farmed, and estimates predict that food production will need to increase another 70 percent by 2050 to feed our projected population of 10 billion. Raising animals to meet our protein needs is a catastrophe, but recent market data shows that we

are already cooling on the novelty of plant burgers that bleed faux blood. More vitally, plant-based meat is still made of *plants*. Its production requires enormous quantities of the resources on which our burning planet is running short: topsoil, water, and fossil fuels.

Ripert is so taken with Fy as part of the solution to all of this—"A single sheet tray can produce the protein of 20 chickens!" he exclaims as I sip the last of my Sauternes—that he's added it to the menu at the nearby casual cafe, L'Ami Pierre, as well. Nature's Fynd cream cheese and breakfast patties are now available at Whole Foods. Chef Alexander Plotkin, an alumnus of Copenhagen's Noma and the culinary director of Nature's Fynd, tells me he's used Fy to make sausages and crab cakes, both delicious.

I'm delighted to report that recently, my scrolling has veered ever so slightly away from doom. Fungal protein is just the tip of the (albeit melting) iceberg. I've read of a California company making meat from microbes. And of another, named Solar Foods, in the Finnish suburb of Espoo, backed by 70 million euros of venture capital, that has patented a technology for making protein from a hydrogenotrophic bacterial microbe by feeding it air. This sounds improbable to me. Even Fy needs sugar to survive! But the Finnish microbe, discovered by one of the company's founders in a nearby forest, apparently turns *carbon dioxide*—which we create by breathing and need to remove from the atmosphere—into food! It is a claim bold enough to inspire me to board a budget flight for Helsinki.

I will gloss over the myriad discomforts of a multicity transatlantic red-eye flight on Condor air without movie screens or Wi-Fi. I will focus on the silver lining: 12 hours to research microbes! Here is what I learned: Microbes, which are about one hundred times too small for the human eye to see, were discovered

by a Dutchman named Antonie van Leeuwenhoek, whose hobby was peering at things through a home-made microscope. One day, in 1676, he described his amazement, gazing at magnified plaque he'd scraped from his teeth: "I...saw, with great wonder...many very little living animalcules, very prettily a-moving." These graceful animalcules were, he wrote: "so small, in my sight, that I judged that even if 100 of these very wee animals lay stretched out one against another, they could not reach to the length of a grain of coarse sand." The 19th-century British doctor Joseph Lister invented antiseptic medicine after inferring that infection was caused by microbes. Louis Pasteur and Robert Koch credited microbes with various illnesses, plus bread rising and beer brewing. All microbes can be grouped into several families, including bacteria, archaea, fungi, algae, protozoa, and viruses....

Is this getting boring? Perhaps because you aren't in the Frankfurt airport at 5 a.m. with a crick in your neck. I'll speed up: Over the ensuing centuries, research demonstrated that some microbes help (like those that digest our food and ferment our wine and cheese) and some hurt. The human body hosts trillions of microbes. In the 1960s, NASA did extensive research into how microbes could help astronauts in deep space survive in a closed system—without inputs from Earth. One of NASA's most exciting discoveries was microbes that could turn common gases, like hydrogen and carbon dioxide, into protein—that building block of life. The research was tabled for 50 years because space shuttles didn't go far enough for it to be needed. Now that our home planet has been identified as one with finite resources, a hungry populace, and a rapidly warming surface—credibly mimicking the conditions of a spaceship in deep space—NASA's research has been dusted off.

I land in Helsinki, quickly making my way to Allas Sea Pool, an urban spa in Helsinki's central port, to recover from the indignities of travel. After relaxing in a Finnish sauna, I yield to the bullying of two old ladies in Speedos and woolen shower caps, and plunge CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

TERM TO TABLE

A new frontier in nutrition involves protein fermented from microbes, bypassing agriculture altogether. *Rising From the Ashes—Inspired by the Children*, 1996, by Eddie Lui. Acrylic on linen, 122 x 122 cm.

Love All

In the ultimate romantic gesture, Rafael Nadal releases a new fragrance collection with his wife.

In the private basement lounge of Henry Jacques's recently opened Avenue Montaigne fragrance flagship situated across from the Pont de l'Alma in Paris, Rafael Nadal is being uncharacteristically expressive—a rarity for the often tight-lipped tennis legend. Despite 20 years on the sport's biggest stages, Nadal has maintained a near-absolute privacy around his personal life, especially his relationship with his wife, María Francisca Perelló. "One of the most important things—and what I consider to be one of my greatest successes—is that María and I have been able to have a really normal life," says Nadal. The couple met as teenagers in Manacor, Mallorca, and were together for 14 years before they wed in 2019; their first child, a baby boy also named Rafael, arrived last October. "We're moving to the next step in our lives now, so why not do something together?" But Nadal hasn't traveled to France to discuss his first days of parenting with Perelló, who skipped the trip to remain in the Balearic Islands with their newborn; the collaboration in question is a three-piece line of

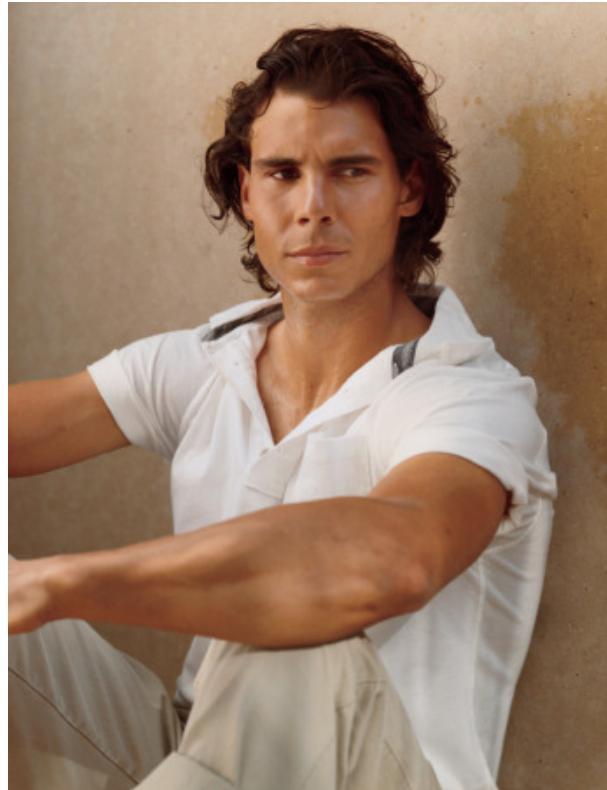
fragrances exclusively sold at Henry Jacques boutiques and originally designed as bespoke eaux de parfum—two for him, one for her.

Appropriately called In All Intimacy, the fragrance collection, which bears Rafael's and María's names, is a first for the couple—as well as for Henry Jacques, which has spent its decades-long history on custom blends and a small selection of in-house creations. "It was just one of those beautiful surprises of life," says Anne-Lise Cremona, Henry Jacques's CEO and the daughter of founder Henry Cremona, who started the fragrance house on the outskirts of Grasse in 1975. Cremona's uncle happens to be the watchmaker Richard Mille, whose timepieces Nadal first began wearing in 2010, and who served as matchmaker on the project.

For those who know him well, Nadal's enthusiasm for perfume is as much a part of his lore as being a right-hander who plays lefty. "As a person practicing sport every single day of my life, almost, after showering I need the fragrance to help me recover," he says. "If I don't have fragrance with me, I don't feel complete." With sprightly, boyish energy, the 36-year-old demonstrates the ritual he brings to the application process, picking up one of Henry Jacques's stoppered crystal bottles filled with the citrusy floral he has designed for daily use: one spritz on each side of the neck and then one on the heart. "I don't know why," he laughs,

POWER OF TWO

The scents nod to the richness of the Mediterranean coast, where Nadal and Perelló wed in 2019.



ACE OF HEARTS

Nadal's interest in fragrance is inextricably linked with his tennis career: He applies his scents before—and immediately after—a match.

a little bashfully, of the final gesture. The other fragrance—a zingy blend of coriander and lemon balanced by earthy Spanish artemisia—was specifically formulated to be worn *while* on the court.

Nadal firmly assures me he left Perelló to her own devices when making her fragrance, a soft blend of violet, orange blossom, and white musk. "We were at home trying things, talking about it, but I stopped myself from giving her any input," he says, a testament to the couple's working relationship. (A business school graduate, Perelló serves as the director of the Rafa Nadal Foundation, which has outposts in Spain and India that focus on bringing sports education to disadvantaged children.) During his busy travel schedule, Nadal will now be able to take an olfactory reminder of Perelló with him, while his own fragrances serve as a transportive reminder of home. "Even when I've had opportunities to live in other places, I've always come back to Mallorca," Nadal notes. Now, his fans the world over can enjoy a hit of Mediterranean escapism too. "I feel comfortable sharing that."—LIAM HESS



ABOVE: BRUCE WEBER, VOGUE, JUNE 2009. WEDDING: FUNDACION RAFA NADAL VIA GETTY IMAGES. FRAGRANCE: COURTESY OF ©HENRY JACQUES.

Ciara Asks: *Why Not Us?*

How the platinum-selling global superstar has raised over \$10 million for pediatric cancer research



We all know Ciara from her platinum-selling oeuvre, but there's another side to her. These days, what really drives her is her work with the Why Not You Foundation, which she runs with her husband, Denver Broncos quarterback Russell Wilson. Sure, she has a new record coming out (on her own label, no less), but it's the philanthropic achievements she focuses her gratitude on.

"Where you come from in life does not determine how far you'll go," she says, emphasizing how she pushes herself to dream big. "Every day I ask myself, why not us?"

That mantra—*why not us?*—is the catalyst for Ciara's work with the foundation. Since Why Not You launched in 2014, it has raised over

\$10 million for pediatric cancer research and opened a tuition-free charter school, the Why Not You Academy in Des Moines, Washington.*

As Ciara has built both her foundation and musical empire, she's leaned on the advice of other ambitious, mission-oriented entrepreneurs like herself. Goldman Sachs Private Wealth Management has been actively involved in seeking out opportunities to help Ciara maximize her impact. "Our team at Goldman Sachs will pick up the phone to call whoever we need in their network, to make sure we can maximize every opportunity," she says.

**Goldman
Sachs** Private Wealth
Management

Ciara is a current client of Goldman Sachs Private Wealth Management (PWM). The opinions expressed are solely those of the client. Compensation in the amount of \$7,500 was paid to the client to facilitate logistical services related to her participation in this advertisement and for her statements relating to Goldman Sachs PWM. This testimonial is representative only of the client and her experience with Goldman Sachs PWM, and your experience may differ. Goldman Sachs PWM does not request or advertise testimonials from all clients. Brokerage and investment advisory services offered by Goldman Sachs PWM are provided by Goldman Sachs & Co. LLC, which is an SEC registered broker-dealer and investment adviser, member FINRA/SIPC.

* Foundation facts provided by Ciara & Why Not You Foundation.

ADVERTISEMENT

A RIDE THROUGH
PROFESSIONAL
SKATER BEATRICE
DOMOND'S NYC
STOMPING GROUNDS

In Her Shoes

Beatrice explores her
neighborhood wearing Vans'
SK8-HI in True White.

Produced by VOGUE with **VANS**



Beatrice wears Vans' checkerboard slip-on shoe while skating in NYC's Lower East Side.

Beatrice Domond isn't the type to rattle off her dazzling résumé, but as a young Black woman in the skateboarding world, her rising star and first-of-their-kind sponsorships are groundbreaking achievements. "I'm the first of hopefully many Black women who will be pro skateboarders," she says.

Growing up in Florida without any skaters like herself to model a career after, Domond idolized skaters like Elissa Steamer and Kareem Campbell for everything from their agility to their personal style. While the skateboarding world contains multitudes, Domond learned early on that there were certain things—like Vans sneakers—that were at once universal and inevitable.

"That is the number-one staple," she says of the classic shoe. "You can ask anybody. If they're a skateboarder, they've worn Vans. The best of the best." Accordingly, Vans are an integral part of Domond's daily skating look, which her friends have termed "hot grandpa chic."

While she tends to feel most comfortable in simple tops, pants, beanies, and Vans, Domond also appreciates that her favorite skate shoes are versatile, too. "You can wear them with a skirt, you can wear them with a dress," she says.

A resident of New York City's East Village, Domond's mornings usually begin at Tompkins Square Park. "In the morning, it's quiet, but it gets hectic pretty quick," she says. Domond gravitated to New York as a result of the city-based skate videos she watched as a child. "I was like, 'Oh, I wanna go skate with these people. Looks cool,'" she recalls. "There's always those growing-pain years where it feels like this place is a nightmare, but it's a privilege."

"It's a classic shoe and it's not logo-heavy. It's just simple, and it looks good."

—BEATRICE DOMOND

Domond likens creating skate videos to the process of recording an album. "It's a collection of clips you gather within a year or six months," she explains. From hanging with friends to reading a book and exploring the city, every day is an opportunity to improve her creative output. "I get inspiration from people's clothes or for a new design idea I have," she says. "Whether it's physically on paper or just imagery I'm looking at, I'm always working."

For more information, visit Vans.com/classics



In her Old Skool Stackform Shoe by Vans, Beatrice wanders NYC's Chinatown.



Chaos Theory

With an uninhibited new album, Caroline Polacheck is ready for her next chapter.

On a drizzly, gray October morning, I arrive at a nondescript address in a northeast London suburb where, I've been told, Caroline Polacheck is shooting the cover for her new album. Given the musician's knack for world building—the delicately arranged layer cake of Disney backdrops and '90s Steven Meisel Versace campaigns that informed the visuals for her 2019 record, *Pang*, for example—I expect to arrive at a studio filled with extravagant sets and esoteric props.

Instead, I find myself at an outdoor train museum, where Polacheck is crouched inside an old subway carriage crawling through a pile of sand. She's wearing a dress covered in coffee stains (intentionally, it's worth noting), a lick of kohl across her eyelids, and she's surrounded by extras playing oblivious commuters. "I wanted the cover to be a kind of explosion of being in the real world," she explains—or at least her version of the rush hour crush.

The cover Polacheck is referring to is for her upcoming album, *Desire*,

GONE TO PIECES

After several inward-looking albums and a period of personal transition, Polacheck's new music has a more extroverted sound. Photographed by Henry Redcliffe.

I Want To Turn Into You, out this February—the second under her own name, though it's technically her seventh. Now 37, she first came up as the lead singer of the Brooklyn indie duo Chairlift, but when the group disbanded in 2017, Polacheck found that success was far from guaranteed. A turbulent period in her personal life followed—divorce, moving from New York to London, mysterious adrenaline rushes, and bouts of insomnia—during which she wrote *Pang*. An introspective and often self-deprecating document of personal rebuilding, it served as one of 2019's most virtuosic pop records, earning Polacheck an entirely new and fiercely loyal fan base, helped in no small part by the success of her sleeper hit "So Hot You're Hurting My Feelings." But a handful of shows into the tour, the pandemic arrived, throwing everything Polacheck had planned into disarray.

What else was there to do, then, but embrace the disruption? "It's definitely an extroverted album, and I'm playing a lot more with nonsense and abstraction," says Polacheck, framed by the whitewashed walls of her home in Los Angeles when we reconnect over Zoom the morning before she's about to head to South America on tour. (That very afternoon—pending Jair Bolsonaro's reaction to his defeat in the Brazilian presidential election—she will be catching a flight to São Paulo; as it turns out her performance will end up being a kind of celebration.) Typically, Polacheck would hole up in a studio for weeks on end to write, she tells me, but this album was recorded in fits and starts and sporadic bursts of creativity: across a number of years, across a number of countries, wherever Polacheck's own headline shows or her stint supporting Dua Lipa could accommodate a recording session. Along the way, she has also found the time to burnish her image as a fashion favorite, appearing in campaigns for Loewe and Vivienne Westwood and walking the runway for the likes of Chloé and Eckhaus Latta. "I

think in some ways, I made peace with the chaos," she reflects. "The jumbling up of all of it ended up feeling correct for the music."

Polacheck's instincts for pop songwriting have sometimes felt almost mathematically precise; on *Desire*, they're let off the leash to freakier and far more unexpected places. "I wanted to turn the volume up on this feeling of overflowing and overabundance," she adds. "Maybe even a bit more mania. I definitely hope there's humor in there, even if it's just a sonic switch-up that catches you off guard," she says, before adding, wryly: "Or makes you scream."

Polacheck's snap-crackle-pop energy relaxes a little when we chat about the music itself—even as she acknowledges the album is her most willfully eclectic work yet. She talks of ancient Roman cornucopias, of the ants and volcanoes and bottles of wine that have become recurring visual motifs—emblems of her life's unsteadiness over the past few years. Still, amid a relentless touring schedule, she's also managed to find a more grounded existence, splitting her time between London and Los Angeles with her partner, the British visual artist Matt Copson. (He codirects her videos, while she has soundtracked his laser projections and even contributed an aria to a recent Kurt Cobain–inspired opera he directed in London; in their downtime, they play the collectible card game Magic: The Gathering.)

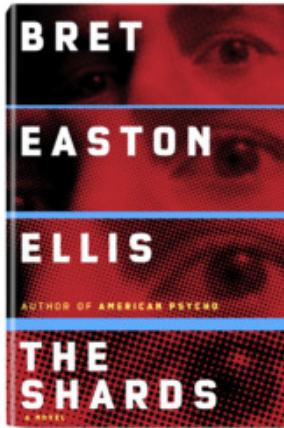
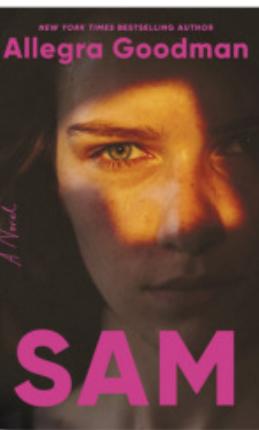
Polacheck herself still hasn't quite figured out the album's title—*Desire, I Want To Turn Into You*. "It could mean being in love and wanting to fuse with someone, or the deep, manic hunger that comes with being obsessed with someone," she says. "But it could also mean wanting to become desire *itself*. Which is really the force that guides us through our lives."

"The moments of sincerity, the moments of abstraction on the album, it's all contained in that phrase," she continues. With her second record, Polacheck is ready to nudge her surreal, seductive strain of pop in a new direction. A little more louche, a little lewder, and a little rougher around the edges? "I think I like that," she says, with a mischievous smile. —LIAM HESS

Live and Learn

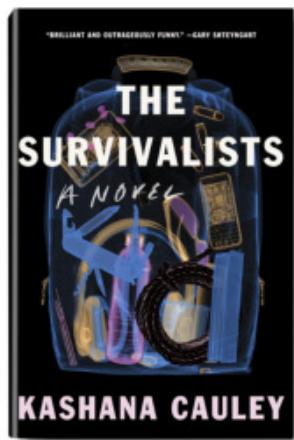
Winter fiction thrills with dangers both familiar and extraordinary.

Bret Easton Ellis's first novel, *Less Than Zero*, published in 1985, is hard to shake—a drifting, menacing story about Los Angeles private school kids who go to parties, do drugs, have sex, and try to feel something about any of it. **The Shards** (Knopf), Ellis's hypnotic, prodigious, and unsettling new novel—his first in 13 years—is a time machine back to that early '80s milieu. It stars none other than Ellis himself, a prep school senior writing a book called *Less Than Zero* and surrounded by a pack of rich, beautiful friends who are themselves shadowed by a serial killer nicknamed The Trawler. Ellis holds nothing back through these 600 pages of baroque violence, startling eroticism, and a relentless cataloging of mood-specific song and movie titles. His gothic predilections are not for everyone (The Trawler's kills are grotesque), but the evocation of a certain kind of vacant privilege—a buried longing overlaid with studied dissociation—is masterful.



many deprivations and few points of brightness—but from these bare contours a powerful portrait emerges. Goodman's writing mimics the voice of her subject, with earlier chapters echoing the staccato thought patterns of elementary years and later chapters channeling the tender vulnerabilities of young adulthood. *Sam* may investigate the most acute of emotional growing pains, but there is nothing awkward here.

Community gardeners meet doomsday preppers stockpiling weapons above a trendy coffee shop in **The Survivalists** (Soft Skull Press), a darkly funny look at how people form communities to care for one another amid institutional failures and scarcity. Set in a mostly Black Central Brooklyn, this debut novel from Kashana Cauley, a former lawyer, *Daily Show with Trevor Noah* writer, and *New York Times* contributor, finds humor in our hostile, uncertain present while outlining starkly different visions of the future—and how we might prepare for them. —TAYLOR ANTRIM, CHLOE SCHAMA, AND LISA WONG MACABASCO





Greece Is the Word

When dermatologist Macrene Alexiades, MD, built a home on the island of Skyros, she was able to reconnect with her Greek heritage—and her vision of natural skin care.

Traveling to the Greek isle of Skyros is not as simple as going from A to B. Your long-haul flight is typically followed by a three-hour drive to the island of Evia, before a two-and-a-half-hour ferry ride takes you over the crystalline Aegean Sea. Locals (and the expats who descend on the area every summer) get to shortcut the ordeal, of course; designer Gabriela Hearst makes the journey by boat from nearby Milos, where she has a summer home, in order to see Macrene Alexiades, MD, the cosmetic dermatologist and laser surgeon with Greek parentage and three Harvard degrees. “Being there is like stepping back in time,” says Alexiades, who has just completed construction on a split-level Skyrian retreat that includes a private treatment room overlooking the beach of Kalamitsa.

Alexiades’s pretty, prewar Park Avenue office is a fairly easy commute in contrast—if you can get an appointment. Dressed in a simple Alaïa black bodysuit and high-waisted jeans, Alexiades is wistful for her biannual escape when we connect in New York early last fall. On her Skyros property, she has begun harvesting medicinal herbs that grow wild on the island—anti-inflammatory lemon verbena, anti-bacterial lemon balm, and skin-tightening linden—for the latest addition to Macrene Actives, the skin care range she began in 2009. This month, Alexiades will expand into body care with the Skyros High Performance Body Cream and Body Lotion, welcome companions to the complexion

WILD WILD COUNTRY

Alexiades’s property is dotted with medicinal herbs, including skin-tightening linden, that are distilled into her new body care range.

products that have become staples with her clients, including Hearst as well as Sienna Miller, Brooke Shields, and the makeup artist Gucci Westman.

Buoyant and youthful at 55, Alexiades embodies the minimal-intervention approach she takes both with her patients and the bucolic property, where the local farmer tasked with maintaining the land employs biodynamic techniques and lets curious wild goats and hares roam freely. “Macrene’s focus is incremental positive change,” says Shields. “She helps me look like I have never been in the sun,” adds the actor, perhaps forever in our minds as the radiant and shipwrecked teenager from *The Blue Lagoon*. “Her formulas are focused on replacing procedures to treat the skin in ways I never imagined,” adds Miller, who has just left Alexiades’s office when we speak.

“Sienna validates my theories that it is possible to restore the skin to the way it was before it starts to degenerate, which is roughly at 25,” Alexiades explains, detailing the importance of combining UV-damage-reversing devices, such as the Picosecond fractionated laser, and a good skin care routine. (Alexiades’s Skyrian extracts will be just as effective above the neck, she concedes, hinting at a future reformulation of her entire nine-piece line.)

As three more clients assemble in her waiting room, the kind of slow-living intentionality Alexiades has cultivated in Skyros—and bottled in New York—appears to offer a respite from the chaotic pace of post-pandemic life. On the island, Alexiades tells me, she typically winds down with a sunset bath using her homemade olive oil soap, while the day’s herb harvest dries on hand-hewn wooden racks next to her Cycladic-inspired clinic. It’s a no-rush ritual made better by company: “I then meditatively apply the body lotion to the lower legs, feet, and arms—and if I have an extra pair of hands, I’ll ask them to massage it onto my back.” Get me to the Greek, I say. —EMMA ELWICK-BATES



A point of
view is meant
to be shared.

JOIN AND
SOUND OFF.

VOGUE
INSIDERS

VOGUEINSIDERS.COM

ADVERTISEMENT

the VOGUE
11ST

PROMOTIONS
AND EVENTS

GIVE YOUR
CAT THE
WORLD

Whisk your cat away on a culinary journey with Fancy Feast Medleys. Our expert chefs and cat nutritionists have partnered together to craft recipes inspired from cuisine around the globe and made with real, high-quality ingredients. Made with no artificial preservatives and offering 100% complete and balanced nutrition for adult cats, Medleys lets you give your cat the world.

FancyFeast.com/
Medleys

Flying Solo

After a lifetime of training in fashion's renowned ateliers, Coco Brandolini d'Adda is launching a label all her own.

Freshly painted a vivid shade of coral, designer Coco Brandolini d'Adda's atelier is a tiny jewel box of a space tucked away on the top floor of a Via Montenapoleone address in Milan. Hidden from the street, it's accessible only through an elegant, dark entryway, with one side opening to the back entrance of a baroque church and the other leading up to her charming and bohemian nest.

Brandolini d'Adda, 43—the daughter of Georgina Brandolini d'Adda, a longstanding *habituée* of Valentino Garavani's inner circle—honed her *racé* sense of style working for the likes of Oscar de la Renta, Alberta Ferretti, Tomas Maier, and, most recently, Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana at their couture line, Alta Moda. Now she's going solo, launching a new line of high-end, limited-quantity ready-to-wear with the label D'Adda.

"The idea of the collection blossomed after the birth of my three daughters," she says, and then smiles. "Perhaps I wanted to bring another child into the world, who knows—or maybe I just felt confident enough to fly solo after 12 wonderful years at Alta Moda."

Working in those ateliers fostered Brandolini d'Adda's passion for the beautiful and rare textiles and vintage detailing that are now key to her creations, from long-ago batches of silks and brocades hidden in the archives of Italy's best mills to the fasteners, trimmings, and appliqués that make each garment unique: Kimonos with pockets in the shape of floral girandoles, circle skirts closed at the front with one-of-a-kind buttons, delightful high-waisted slender dresses—all are cut from jacquards,

cloque silks, and the occasional old sari, with patterns and prints and textures assembled in lovely combinations. The handheld Cherry bag, poufy and chic, is also made from old brocades in jewel-toned colors. Shapes are kept fluid and flattering and the color palette vibrant.

Brandolini d'Adda intends to keep the collection small—updated twice a year with new pieces including, hopefully, several accessories collaborations—and the relationship with her customers quite personal and private. She isn't chasing validation from the fashion world and, at the moment at least, has no desire to venture into any grandiose retail scheme. "I do not do seasonal; I do not plan to do presentations or shows—I want to keep it intimate, as it's something that comes from the heart," she says. "I'd like to have the luxury of not following the rules."

Asked to describe her style, Brandolini d'Adda says only that "it always evolves—you may like it or not, but it's my own, it's who I am. It doesn't have any specific reference." She does concede to being under the sway of a certain influencer, though: her grandmother Countess Donna Cristiana Brandolini d'Adda, a sis-

ter of Gianni Agnelli. "I value her advice greatly. She's 95, but still gorgeous, a great aesthete, eccentric, and she has lived the sort of extraordinary life—the grand balls, Cecil Beaton—that today seems impossibly fabulous. But what I love most about her is that she's open to the new: She's curious about everything going on in the world and in fashion. Seeing her proud of what I'm doing gives me confidence—and great joy."—TIZIANA CARDINI



HOLDING PATTERNS

Brandolini d'Adda at her recently opened D'Adda boutique on Via Montenapoleone in Milan. Photographed by Adriano Cisani.

SHOWER THE WORLD WITH LOVE
Enjoy a spa-esque gentle exfoliation w/Daily Concepts Daily Body Scrubber. Made w/quality, vegan, cruelty-free, biodegradable materials. ulta.com



LOVE is LOVE

Delicious beauty & foodie picks just for you.

Fill in fine lines & wrinkles from home
Forget synthetic fillers! The Collagen Filler Serum from South Beach Skin Lab soaks your skin in pure soluble collagen that fills wrinkles naturally for a plump youthful look in just 30 days. Get \$15 off! Code: **VOG15** at trysbsl.com



SHOP YOUR LOVE LIST
@TIPSNTRENDS

A tradition of good taste
Bubbies Kosher Dill Pickles are sour, crunchy, and perfect straight from the jar or when used in any recipe! Naturally-fermented raw, they are Non-GMO as well as vinegar and preservative free. Find them in the refrigerated section. bubbles.com



This facial deserves spa-worthy credit

Get that glowy, just-walked-out-of-a-spa look. With the MicroDermabrasion Facial, micro-exfoliants join forces with 6 AHAs + probiotics, to gently buff away dry, dull cells & reveal brighter, smoother skin! Ulta, Whole Foods & madhippie.com



This is how to tackle stubborn fat areas

Abs, thighs, arms, even your neck, NuShape Lipo Wrap is the 1st clinical strength wearable LED lipo for home use that makes it possible to lose 2-4" with the first treatment. 10% off! Code: **VOG223** at nushape.com



The ultimate bath bomb has arrived
Decorated to look like "the stone of universal love" & with generous amounts of natural oils, Latika's heavenly scented extra large Rose Quartz Geode Bath Bomb is an ultra-moisturizing, luxe experience. 20% off! Code: **VOG** at latikabeauty.com



Bed head be gone!

With a patent-pending lux scrunchie + attached satin covered arch, Sleepy Tie is the revolutionary way to tie up hair for sleep & prolong styles. Forget repetitive reheating, bring on effortless hair. 10% off! Code: **VOG10** at sleepytie.com



Joyfully Grown just for you

Brought to you by multigenerational family growers, Joyfully Grown specializes in hand-picked apples, pears & cherries. Committed to nurturing & honoring our people, planet & food, their high-quality fruits bring joy indeed. joyfullygrown.com



The 1st carbon neutral milk in the US

Introducing Neutral, the brand that fights climate change by working with farmers to reduce milk's carbon footprint. Pick up their Whole & 2% Milk from pasture-raised, organic family farms at Whole Foods & Sprouts nationwide. eatneutral.com



The ultimate at-home sauna
Step into Thera360 Plus and experience the best personal sauna. Full Spectrum Infrared, red light & integrated earthing technology offers benefits in relaxation, detox, immune enhancement & anti-aging. 20% off! Code: **VOG20** at therasage.com



INCLUDES 2 RED LIGHT PANELS

SCIENTIFICALLY FORMULATED

POWERFUL PORTABLE BLENDER

GIVE YOUR #BRAIN SOME LOVE!

Focus, clarity & brain cognition is a daily function essential. BrainJuice's Brain Supplements w/Immunity Support & Daily BrainPower Mixes. brainjuice.me

Free Radical

“Does anyone else want one?” Florence Pugh calls out from behind the kitchen island where she has been mixing martinis. She is dressed a little absurdly, and very formally, for a kitchen, in a clinging vermilion Alexander McQueen dress and heels—an ensemble she has put on for the sake of a *Vogue* video crew that is having her demonstrate some of her favorite recipes: a vodka martini with a twist in a chilled glass and a cherry tomato crostini with lots of garlic and a bit of chopped chile pepper. She has made sure to cut up the baguette before she gets started on the drinks (not her preferred sequencing) so that the slices have a chance to toast in the oven. The flat of the carving knife descends on a clove of garlic; it doesn’t stand a chance. A rogue cherry tomato rolls off the cutting board; she leans over the counter and spears it with the tip of her knife. This is a woman at home in a kitchen, even one illuminated by set lights and framed by a boom mic.

Pugh at 26 is the kind of actor—thrillingly talented, coming off a series of stunning performances, and with compelling projects ahead of her—who is not just supremely comfortable in her skin, but also charmingly game. Perhaps it’s more precise to say she is

On her way to becoming the best actor of her generation, Florence Pugh hasn’t lost her reputation for fun-loving bonhomie and steely self-possession.
Chloe Schama meets Hollywood’s most grounded superstar.
Photographed by Colin Dodgson.

the kind of *person* who exudes a let’s-go gameness. Give her a cocktail to make and she will fix you one too. If the cooking demo films through lunch, she’ll make sure the entire room gets a taste of what she’s making.

“Anyone?” she asks, offering the martini again. I slip outside the room for a moment, and when I return, a few chilled glasses have found their way into the hands of those on the other side of the camera. When the video wraps, she changes into black jeans, chunky Naked Wolfe boots, and a white T-shirt with an image of a grinning tongue-out mouth at the breast—a bit of Bon Iver merch she’s had for years. She is about to depart when she realizes she hasn’t sufficiently thanked the crew. “Thank you, thank you,” she says, rushing back in.

Once we are settled in a car, rounding the southern tip of Manhattan on the FDR Drive, she confides that she’s never cooked without music—Kate Bush, Spanish musician Rita Payés, Glass Animals—the volume on full blast. “When I do ‘Cooking With Flo’”—the friendly, improvisational cooking demonstrations she has posted on Instagram for the past few years—“I just have a fun time,” she says, laughing. “I’ve never done it with, like, 25 people looking at me, saying, ‘Do the thing!’”



GOLD STANDARD

Valentino shirt
and skirt. Tiffany & Co.
rings and septum ring
(worn throughout).

Fashion Editor: Gabriella
Karefa-Johnson.

SHALL WE DANCE

In person, Pugh exudes a let's-go gameness, a ready air of liberated fun. Dior bra and skirt. Alexander McQueen shoes.





HOT, HOT, HOT

The actor grew up in a boisterous house.

Her three siblings “are as big in my life as my parents,” she says. Pugh wears a Loewe dress.

The skies are ominous, but our destination is fortunately indoors: a Brooklyn weaving studio called Loop of the Loom where we can indulge in a different type of hands-on creativity. There we will be instructed in the art of Saori, a weaving style founded by a midcentury Japanese housewife that embraces the imperfections of cloth made by hand. The idea is to let our instincts lead us, and emerge, perhaps, slightly more enlightened, with appreciation for all that makes us unique. “After one hour,” the owner, Yukako, had told me, “you will be a new person.”

Yukako had also told me that we will be joined by two girls who come to the dojo almost every day after school—she doesn’t have the heart to cancel on them. Sure enough, when we arrive at the glass-fronted space, next to graffiti-covered buildings on an unassuming stretch of Dumbo’s cobblestone streets, our preteen friends are seated at their looms. “Hello,” Pugh says brightly, making a beeline for the closest one. In full makeup (leftover from the shoot), her hair in a wavy shoulder-length bob, she cuts a glamorous figure, even dressed in her low-key jeans and T-shirt. “What are you making?”

“They have been here for hours,” Yukako says with amused apology—it’s a school holiday and the girls have settled in for the day; a grayscale creation spills from one of their looms onto the pale wood floor. Against the whitewashed wall there are hundreds of spools of yarn, a rainbow of silken and woolen threads. The whole dojo has the feel of a hushed and brightly lit art gallery, with a wall of windows facing a street that is currently being whipped by the rain.

“It’s a poncho,” the girl tells Pugh. The other has made a jewel-toned lumbar pillow that she proudly holds in front of her. True New Yorkers, the girls don’t acknowledge if the woman taking a genuine interest in their work reminds them of a Marvel superhero or if they recognize her from the *Don’t Worry Darling* posters that have covered buses and subway stations for months.

“You’re inspiring me,” Pugh says. “I need to learn from you guys. How long did this take you to make?”

“The best sign of a good person is the ability to laugh at yourself,” says Pugh

“Two...three hours,” the girl says shyly.

“I thought you were gonna say two, three weeks!” Pugh exclaims.

Yukako ushers us to the looms she has set up and shows us how to thread the yarn back and forth, moving our feet—“like walking”—on the pedals. “It’s okay to make a mistake,” she says. “Mistake is your design. You can accept your mistake.”

But Pugh is as at ease with the bobbin as she was in the kitchen, and a length of pink-and-pale-blue cloth that looks like a Southwestern sunset, segmented with strands of sequins and strips of braided felt, quickly issues from her loom. “I was trying to think of what I like best in bougie pillows, and it’s all the random bits,” she says, pointing at the seemingly errant but artfully arranged threads.

The minutes tick by. The loom has a hold on us. The girls put on their raincoats and gather their backpacks as they get ready to depart, heading out into the now dark city. “I’m so jealous of those two,” Pugh says quietly, once they’ve left. “Imagine how much happier you’d be if you’d been doing this since you were very young. You’d have something for when you feel stressed out.”

She tells Yukako that she is ready to remove her creation from the loom, and the owner comes over to inspect her weaving: “It’s like graphic design,” Yukako exclaims, “you are like an artist.”

Pugh grew up in a house of artists, even if its occupants hadn’t yet officially declared it their profession. Her father owned (and owns) restaurants, while her mother was a classically trained ballet dancer who

became an aerobics instructor, traveling around England teaching classes in her thong leotard and Lycra tights. Her father met her mother in one of these classes, and the two settled down in Oxfordshire, where he established a small empire of eateries—an eclectic range of establishments, pulling from Mexican, Moroccan, Spanish, and other influences. Arabella (now an actor and voice coach) was the first child to be born, then Sebastian (actor and musician), then Florence, who would eventually be followed by Rafaela, or Mole, as the family called her because of the way her hands crept over the covers when she was sleeping—“like a little mole,” Pugh tells me. (Mole, 19, is interested in costume design.) It was a loud, boisterous, love-filled house—the children spread out over 18 years, but not so distant that it stopped them from teasing one another. “My siblings are just as big in my life as my parents,” Pugh tells me. “The best sign of a good person is the ability to laugh at yourself. And siblings were crucial for that. With the job that I do, it’s so important to have people who are gonna say, ‘Hey, I know you didn’t mean it, but you were being a bit of a muppet.’”

When Pugh was three, the family moved to an international enclave in southern Spain, near Gibraltar, partly for the adventure, partly for the weather, which the family thought might help with her tracheomalacia, or “floppy trachea,” a condition that had made Pugh something of a sickly child. She was in and out of the hospital when she was a baby, though she is adamant that this didn’t define her. “I never want this to be a sob story,” she tells me, “because it’s never been a story in my life.” In Spain the family lived near the ocean, and their lives were guided by an easy rhythm of cycling to school, cycling to the beach, cycling to their friends’ houses.

Her parents designed their lives to preserve their children’s innocence, and the effects of their unselfconscious childhood—“we were always naked as kids,” Pugh says—have reverberated through her adult years. “We are human, we are bodies,” she says. “Yes, I can put makeup on and look good for a premiere. But at the

end of the day, I still have hair on the top of my lip and I still smell after a workout and I still get spots when I'm stressed. I think that attitude definitely has trickled down from when I was a child."

Pugh's radical self-acceptance played out publicly last year, when she wore a series of transparent outfits and seemed to welcome the small furor that followed. "I've never been scared of what's underneath the fabric," she tells me. "If I'm happy in it, then I'm gonna wear it. Of course, I don't want to offend people, but I think my point is: How can my nipples offend you that much?" She describes to me the gruesome and abusive comments a proud post of her in a sheer Valentino dress elicited, but explains that such trolling offers motivation more than deterrent. For all of her geniality, there is a steely core to Pugh that welcomes confrontation on the matters she deems worthwhile. "It's very important that we do this. I know that some people might scoff at me saying that, but if a dress with my breasts peeking through is encouraging people to say, 'Well, if you were to get raped, you would deserve it,' it just shows me that there's so much more work to do."

She will suffer no nonsense when it comes to debates over women's bodies. She will, in fact, make it her mission to underline how damaging such nonsense can be, how sexist and how distracting toward her careful—mental *and* physical—work. "I'm never losing weight to look fantastic for a role," Pugh says. "It's more like: How would this character have lived? What would she be eating?"

Pugh's family moved back to Oxfordshire when she was six, which caused something of a rude awakening for Pugh when she was told she was no longer permitted to roam freely—"What do you mean someone might steal me? It was a bit of a cold breath." But the vibrant family life continued: "Dad would get clay; we were constantly making and drawing things." The kids took turns posing in funny positions for family sketching nights. Christmas was a work of art in itself, a "major deal," as she puts it. When Mole was born, Pugh became a surrogate mother. "She was as much my

"I've never been scared of what's underneath the fabric," she tells me.

"I think my point is: How can my nipples offend you that much?"

baby as she was my mum's," Pugh says. "I'd wake up early in the mornings on the weekend to go and collect her from her cot. And my parents would have a lie-in, and I'd make her a bottle and we'd watch *Friends* together." When she was a bit older, Pugh, like all her siblings, worked in her father's restaurants, making cappuccinos and, when she was legal, pouring drinks. ("There's an enormous amount of power when you're behind a bar.") Pugh was, by her own admission, not especially academic, though she was chummy with all her teachers and became very close with her fellow student actors, several of whom are still her dearest friends: "We were very loud and very dramatic."

When she was 16, Pugh was urged by her mother to try out for a film that was holding open auditions in the area. Set in a repressive girls school in the late 1960s, Carol Morley's *The Falling* (2014) would offer Pugh the role that would galvanize her extraordinary ascent. In it, she plays Abbie, the charismatic focal point of a group of close-knit teenage girls, and the first affected by an episode of collective hysteria. When Pugh left the audition, Morley recalls the casting agents falling into silence. "I asked them, 'What's the matter? Did you not think she was amazing?' They said to me: 'We've got goosebumps. That was like discovering a young Kate Winslet.'"

Even as a teenage newcomer, Pugh had an impact on the way the film was made. Once Morley, who speaks of the actor with a proud, maternal perspective, discovered that Pugh had recorded a series of sweet YouTube ballads from her bedroom as "Flossie Rose," she made Abbie a musician. When the film came out, much of the press circled Pugh's costar, the more

famous Maisie Williams, and so Morley and Pugh did interviews together and became genuine friends.

That friendship—and the protected, warm experience of *The Falling*—would offer important perspective to Pugh a few years later when she filmed a pilot for a show called *Studio City* in LA, and found herself—particularly her body—the subject of far less kind scrutiny. Nineteen at the time, and not yet the woman who would proudly reveal herself on a red carpet and gleefully rebuff detractors, Pugh felt the sharp edge of this criticism. "I didn't want to take away her experience or minimize it," says Morley of her talks with Pugh after the spell in LA. "I just kept reinforcing the fact that it didn't have to be that way. That it was unacceptable treatment. I didn't know the circumstances, but I knew it had traumatized her. For me it was about making sure that she understood that it wasn't the whole picture."

That whole, expansive picture would become clearer to Pugh through the series of demanding, intelligent roles she was able to take in part because the pilot was not picked up. First came *Lady Macbeth* (2016), in which she played a very sympathetic 19th-century murderer (not *that* Lady Macbeth, but one with similarly dubious moral grounding)—a role that, happily, she says, let her be nude exactly the way she wanted her body to be. Then she played Cordelia in a TV film of *King Lear* (2018) starring Anthony Hopkins, followed by the lead in Ari Aster's highsummer Scandi-set thriller, *Midsommar* (2019), in which she once again made a murderer (albeit an inadvertent one) eminently likable. All this before she accomplished the similarly impressive feat of turning Amy, the most annoying of the March sisters, into the most appealing in Greta Gerwig's *Little Women* (2019)—that role earned her a best supporting actress Oscar nomination. Then, of course, the Marvel machine enveloped her, setting her alongside Scarlett Johansson as Johansson's younger sister in *Black Widow*.

Last year, she starred, alongside Harry Styles, in Olivia Wilde's ill-fated *Don't Worry Darling*—an

experience about which perhaps the less said the better, given the volume of uncharitable speculation that has attached itself to the film. Pugh certainly doesn't want to discuss any of it, and though she doesn't frame it this way to me, it's easy to imagine that the *Don't Worry Darling* meta-commentary would fall for her into the same category of nonsense as anonymous men commenting on her breasts.

Rather, today she is focused on *The Wonder*, an experimental jewel from the Chilean director Sebastián Lelio, currently on Netflix. *The Wonder* is an elegant oddity of a film—a slow-burn thriller set in 19th-century Ireland with postmodern casing—and yet it has found devoted admirers. In it, Pugh plays a nurse attempting to get to the bottom of a mystery, seen by some as a miracle. “Florence has the capacity to make her thoughts palpable,” says Lelio. “And that really is a cinematic effect.”

It's an extraordinary rise through a series of complicated, layered roles, and all the more impressive for an actor who has never studied professionally. And yet Pugh is modest about her success: “Every single version of getting into this industry is a fluke,” says Pugh. “Because there are no guarantees—in any way.”

Next up is our dinner reservation at nearby Vinegar Hill House. Our cautious driver attempts to navigate the neighborhood's potholed streets while Pugh applies Valentino lipstick in the back seat. “Accidental reds are really powerful,” she says, unfazed by the jostling, “because you can get away with wearing them during the day. And not everyone is like, Oh, *wow*. It's a bit like wearing a beret,” she says, laughing. “You really have to nail it.”

The restaurant isn't quite ready for us, so we head for a drink next door at Cafe Gitane. Pugh is unflustered by the change in plans, not even when I accidentally open my umbrella dangerously close to her eyes—“That would be a dramatic and abrupt end to your piece!” she laughs. Once seated, she spots a wrought-metal gate



FRESH AND
DIRECT

Her kitchen-set social media videos, "Cooking With Flo," have attracted an ardent following.

Pugh wears a Proenza Schouler dress and earrings.



AT YOUR SERVICE

Her next movie, *A Good Person*—about addiction and personal redemption, and written and directed by her ex Zach Braff—is out in March. Pugh wears an Alaïa dress.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Later in the year,
Pugh will appear in
two hotly awaited films:
Christopher Nolan's
Oppenheimer and Denis
Villeneuve's *Dune: Part*
Two. Jil Sander dress.



separating the kitchen from the dining area. “My dad used to collect things like that,” she tells me. “We used to have warehouses of them. And so now that I’m doing up my place, I’m like, Hey Dad, do you still have that bar....” Pugh has recently bought a place in London, the first she will call home in the city she has always thought of as home. “For years, because I was so busy, it made no sense for me to rent a place in London because I was barely ever coming home. I was always literally going from one job to the other, living in a suitcase,” she says. “When I’d come back, I’d only wanna see my family and my friends anyway. So I’d just stay with family and friends.”

Over the past few years she has lived in LA more than anywhere else, but has always thought of herself as “more of a London girl.” Now that she is a proper London girl, she’s taking special care with her new kitchen, designing it with copper surfaces and stone floors. She chose South London because it’s where several of her friends from secondary school live. “You know, you have a daydream when you start out: What is it that means you’ve made it? What is it that means you are an adult? And for me it was: You live close to your friends and you have a local pub. And because I didn’t do that when I was young, because I didn’t go to university, it meant that for all of my adult years of working and my adult years living abroad, I still, in my mind, hadn’t got all the pieces together.”

There was a time, not long ago, when Pugh did, at least to outside observers, seem to have the pieces together. For several years, until some point in 2022, she was in a relationship with the actor and director Zach Braff; she still calls the kitchen of the LA house she lived in with him “her kitchen,” the garden “her garden.” “It’s all very new,” she says when I ask her if she’s keeping a place in LA. “My breakup has been very new, so I’m figuring that out.”

Pugh and Braff met through friends, but became closer when he cast her in a short film he was making for Adobe—a souped-up piece of semi-sponsored content, starring Alicia Silverstone alongside Pugh as a disaffected 18th-century social media

“You have a daydream when you start out: What is it that means you’ve made it? For me it was: You live close to your friends and you have a local pub”

star. (It is both absurd and amusing.) Pugh and Braff were a private couple, but occasionally shared an Instagram post at Disneyland, a birthday toast. Despite the innocuous and seemingly grounded nature of their relationship, they came in for no small part of criticism because of their 21-year age difference—a nasty experience that has clearly stayed with Pugh as a depressing corollary of being in the public eye. “We weren’t in anyone’s faces. It was just that people didn’t like it,” she says. “They imagined me with someone younger and someone in blockbusters. I think young relationships in Hollywood are so easily twisted because they add to the gossip sites. It’s exciting to watch. And I think I was in a relationship that didn’t do any of that.”

When the pandemic began, they—like everyone—bunkered down, making pizza in an Ooni oven, composing music, dancing in the house. Except the horror of the pandemic was literally at their doorstep as well. Braff’s best friend, the actor and singer Nick Cordero, had moved into Braff’s guesthouse with his wife and baby son just before falling ill with COVID, which would eventually lead to his death. Cordero’s wife, Amanda Kloots, would heartbreakingly document her husband’s struggle—for many, he was an early example of a prominent, healthy young man falling victim to the plague.

“Our property became ground zero for Amanda,” says Braff when I speak to him over Zoom from his house in LA. “So many amazing human beings came by, and they’d walk her baby so she could just have an hour of solitude. Florence would make pizzas and bring them down to her.

And we were afraid of COVID, of course. So she would sit on the front stoop and we would sit on a bench six feet away. It was a very, very, very intense time, and we couldn’t even properly comfort Amanda. Of course, we broke down and just said, fuck it, and hugged her.” Nick was the one, says Pugh, who “made everyone feel good—in terms of my relationship to that friendship group and that life, Nick was such a massive part of it.” Cordero’s memorial would be held in Braff’s vegetable garden; Cynthia Erivo, who Cordero admired but who he had never met, came to sing in tribute to him.

The tragedy of Cordero’s death, as well as the deaths of Braff’s father and his sister, prompted him to start thinking about the next film he wanted to write—a project that eventually became *A Good Person*, which stars Pugh and is out in March. The story, as Braff describes it, was partly inspired by Kloots: “I really wanted to write about how we as humans, no matter how hard things get, stand back up.” But it was also explicitly written for Pugh. “I quite simply think she’s one of the greatest actors of her generation,” he says. “She’s just magnetic. You cannot take your eyes off of her. And it’s not just her beauty and it’s not just her acting ability, it’s that thing, that magic thing that transcends the screen, where anyone and everyone goes: I want to see whatever this person does.” (Morley had echoed this: “I believe she’s a Meryl Streep. She will have a career for the rest of her life.”)

In *A Good Person*, Pugh stars as Allison, a young pharmaceutical saleswoman on the cusp of getting married who is involved in a terrible accident that kills two members of her fiancé’s family. Opioids are prescribed to aid her recovery, and the pills become a crutch and then an addiction. It is a film about disease and pain, but also family and making a home. Pugh is a producer on the film and participated in the casting, revising the script, and writing music that she (as Allison) would perform onscreen.

At one point, Pugh had the notion that Allison should cut her own hair as part of a desperate attempt to puncture the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

PEP IN HER STEP

"Every single version of getting into this industry is a fluke," Pugh says. Erdem corset and skirt. In this story: hair, Akki Shirakawa; makeup, Fara Homidi. Details, see In This Issue.







TWICE AS NICE

Betwixt striking oversized Alex Katz canvases at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—*Ada and Vincent* (FAR LEFT) and *Rose Bud* (NEAR LEFT), both from 1967—model Ajok Daing does darling double duty. Red **Medea** bag; medea.world. **Prada** pink bag, jacket, top, skirt, and shoes; prada.com. **Sterling King** earring. Fashion Editor: Max Ortega.

The micromini handbag's days may be numbered: This winter, color-saturated market totes and roomy carryalls carry the day.

Photographed by Alex Webb.

Go Big!



CAFÉ SOCIETY

Over on Lexington Avenue, Daing enjoys a moment of reflection with her glossy **Alexander McQueen** bag; alexandermcqueen.com. **Ralph Lauren Purple Label** jacket; ralphlauren.com. **Loewe** hoodie; loewe.com.



MADE YOU LOOK

Under the watchful twin gazes of Katz's *Ada Ada* (1991), a voluminous yellow **Marni** bag (marni.com) finds all the right moves—and a few good angles too. **Sportmax** top and skirt; sportmax.com.



SPOT ON

With a jolly Louis Vuitton x Yayoi Kusama mini bag (select Louis Vuitton stores) and a serious tote from **The Row** (therow.com) in tow, the mean streets of Manhattan begin to feel more like a fairground. **Junya Watanabe** dress; shop doverstreetmarket.com.

**CENTER OF
ATTENTION**

Daing adds a brilliant daub of color to the background of Katz's *Edwin and Rudy* (1968) with a **Tom Ford** bag; tomford.com. **Givenchy** jacket and pants; givenchy.com. **Sterling King** earrings.





CURB APPEAL

To give natty neutral tones a delightful shock, add electric blue bags from **Proenza Schouler** (proenzaschouler.com), **Medea** (medea.world), and **Telfar** (shop.telfar.net) to your **Saint Laurent** by **Anthony Vaccarello** coat, leggings, and shoes; ysl.com.



UP IN THE AIR

On a jaunt around
Central Park's Bridle
Path, Daing sets sail
with a pair of airy bags.

Bottega Veneta
bags, coat, and shirt;
bottegaveneta.com.
In this story: hair, Evanie
Frausto; makeup,
Raisa Flowers. Details,
see In This Issue.

A White House Wedding

History, romance, and love of family were all on display when Naomi Biden married on the South Lawn this fall. Chloe Malle reports on a bride in the spotlight. Photographed by Norman Jean Roy.





HELPING HANDS

Naomi Biden in a Ralph Lauren wedding dress and Tiffany earrings, with her grandmother, first lady Jill Biden, in Reem Acra, photographed at the White House.

Sittings Editor:
Chloe Malle.



On the Tuesday evening before her wedding, under the watchful eye of a Secret Service agent, Naomi Biden, 28, and her soon-to-be husband, Peter Neal, 25, came downstairs from their living quarters on the third floor of the White House residence to practice their first dance. The setting was the marble-floored Cross Hall, and Naomi, wearing pajamas and unsure how to work the White House speakers, played Elvis Costello's "Still" on her iPhone as she and her fiancé improvised a casual waltz.

A few days later, at 11 a.m. on Saturday, November 19, the young couple, both lawyers—Naomi at the Washington, DC, firm Arnold & Porter, and Peter at the Georgetown Law Center on National Security—married on a crisp and cloudless day on the South Lawn in front of 250 family members and friends. "We're so close to our families, so we always knew we'd get married in someone's backyard," explains Naomi. "I think if my pop weren't president, it would probably be their house in Wilmington or Peter's family's backyard in Jackson [Wyoming]."

In a high-neck, long-sleeve Chantilly lace Ralph Lauren dress and carrying a bouquet of sweet peas and lily of the valley, Naomi was accompanied down the aisle by her parents, Hunter Biden and Kathleen Buhle, to a string quartet playing The Verve's "Bitter Sweet Symphony." White scarves and hand warmers were placed on each seat to help guests combat 40-degree temperatures during the hour-long ceremony, which was overseen by a priest and a pastor from each of the families' churches. Wearing a navy three-piece Ralph Lauren suit and Tiffany diamond daisy boutonniere, Peter then escorted his wife up the stairs of the South Portico—swathed with ivy and white roses and hydrangea—for a luncheon in the State Dining Room.

In the evening, guests returned to the residence for a black-tie reception with dancing, cake cutting, and "all that fun stuff," per Naomi, who wore a strapless ivory silk mikado Reem

Acra dress with her grandmother Roberta Buhle's pearls sewn into the sweeping six-foot train. (For late-night dancing, Naomi switched to a beaded fringed Markarian minidress.) The bride and groom climbed a ladder to cut a seven-foot-tall, eight-tier lemon cake with buttercream frosting, while, nearby, a dessert bar included everything from 20-inch apple pie (the groom's cake) to the president's favorite Graeter's chocolate chip ice cream. "He used to be a Breyers guy all the way, but we've gotten him to upgrade to Graeter's," Naomi says.

Since 1800, only 19 weddings and four receptions have been held at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, including one for a president, Grover Cleveland, and nine for first daughters. Naomi is the first grandchild to wed on the storied grounds. In 2008, Jenna Bush held her reception here (the ceremony itself was in Crawford, Texas, at her family's ranch), but the last grand-scale wedding of a member of a president's family was in 1971, when Tricia Nixon married Edward Finch Cox in the Rose Garden in front of 400 guests.

"There's just such beauty and history in this place, and we really wanted to honor that," says Naomi, who drew inspiration from the vintage issues of *Time*—purchased on eBay by Peter for his bride-to-be—featuring past White House weddings, such as Tricia's and those of Lyndon B. Johnson's daughters, Luci and Lynda (in 1966 and '67). Of course, getting married at the first residence can also provide challenges: "It's hard to ask people for their social security number with their RSVP," deadpans Naomi.

With the help of event planner Bryan Rafanelli—no stranger to first family nuptials; he oversaw Chelsea Clinton and Marc Mezvinsky's Rhinebeck, New York, wedding in 2010—the couple worked to incorporate details of their historic setting, such as bringing the Cross Hall ceiling's beadlike trim into the design of the invitation. "I never thought I would care about the color of a font on my wedding invitation, but I think Peter and I spent six hours deciding on that." CONTINUED ON PAGE 106



IN FRAME

"We're so close to our families, so we always knew we'd get married in someone's backyard," says Naomi.



England Made Me

As Daniel Lee sets out to make his mark on global fashion at Burberry, he's heading home. By Nicole Phelps. Photographed by William Waterworth.

Daniel Lee is sitting in a penthouse suite at Claridge's in an army green sweater, sporty black pants, and Nikes. It is mid-November, and beyond the French doors behind him, a sweeping view of drizzly London is visible; Big Ben stands in the distance. The night before, Lee was at Chiltern Firehouse, reconnecting with local fashion reporters and at least one of his former professors from Central Saint Martins, and his throat is a bit sore. "It was nice to do it in that kind of environment," he says. "You know, when I'm not exhausted from a collection."

Lee, who is 37, was named chief creative officer of Burberry last September, just days after Riccardo Tisci's final show for the British heritage brand. It's a homecoming for the designer—his creative director position at Bottega Veneta had kept him moving between Milan and London. "I haven't lived here full-time since my Saint Martins days," Lee says. "I went to New York [for Donna Karan], then Paris [for Céline], and then Milan, going back and forwards between those various places and coming to London as an escape, or for inspiration. It's nice to be back here and based properly—it feels full circle."

When he's not working—which, let's face it, isn't often these days—Lee spends time with his partner, Roberto Bolle, a former principal dancer at American Ballet Theatre. They go to the Royal Opera House to see ballet—Crystal Pite's *Light of Passage* was "really amazing," he says—and they seek out music: Kendrick Lamar at The O2 most recently. He's also in the midst of a house renovation. "It's a Georgian terrace, very typical London, which I love, because it feels like Charles Dickens," he says. "It's nice to have that feeling of being in a space that has history and you're just a certain part of it; it's lived before you and it will live after you."

Lee's Burberry debut is scheduled for February 20, giving him just a few months to define his vision for the brand. At Bottega Veneta, he had much more runway—eight months from his appointment, in 2018, to the first show. It was his inaugural creative director role, and at the start he

was too shy to take questions backstage, but his Pouch and Cassette bags were instant hits, and the surprising appeal of his square-toe woven *intrecciato* shoes spawned copycats up and down London's high street. Ditto his sturdy Puddle boots (which could be a good jumping-off point for the more outdoorsy Burberry). Under Lee's watch, Bottega's signature bright green became the hottest color in fashion.

He was rewarded for all this with four statuettes at London's Fashion Awards in December 2019, a feat matched by no other designer before or after. Then, as quickly as his Bottega Veneta took off—days after a Detroit runway show in October 2021, where Mary J. Blige and Lil' Kim were in the front row—Lee left. The house's parent company, Kering, said only that it was a "joint decision," which led to a lot of speculation, both online and within the industry, about why Lee may have gone. When asked about all of this a year later, Lee doesn't address the matter head-on. Instead, he says, "I think people will see going forward how the team continues to work together. At Burberry, there's people I've worked with at various points in my career." He doesn't dwell on regrets, either. "I still feel very honored that I see the influence of Bottega all around me—you know, when I'm walking down the street."

Since Lee's appointment at Burberry, much has been made about his Britishness, especially within Britain. Lee says he understands why. "As a kid growing up, Burberry is a brand that everybody in the country knows. It's really a symbol of the British." His own connection to the label is deeper than that of your average Englishman. "I'm from Bradford, Yorkshire, very close to Castleford, where the trench coats are manufactured, and to Keighley, where the gabardine is made," Lee says. "Some of my mum's family worked in factories that were supplying for Burberry. My mum actually has the trench coat that her aunt had gotten as a retirement gift. It's kind of sweet." Lee is the oldest of three siblings, and his brother, a plumber, and sister, a nurse specializing in alcohol dependency, both still live in Yorkshire, not far from his mother and father. "I've been researching what is left of the industry in the UK," the designer says. "Sadly, it wasn't as well ring-fenced as it was in France or Italy, but there's still elements here. It's exciting to think about how we can help save jobs."

After settling in, Lee's first order of business has been getting to know the teams. He's also been making trips—to Florence, where the company has a leather goods and shoes facility; to Castleford for the trenches; and to the archive, which is split between London and Blyth, in the North of England. "I've been looking at the beginnings of the three major codes of the house, which are obviously the check, the knight, and the gabardine, and trying to understand how we can be inspired to take them forward."

The company was founded 166 years ago when a young Thomas Burberry started producing garments to ward off the British weather. He's credited

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

CHECK'S NEW MATE

Daniel Lee, back in London after New York, Paris, and Milan, is writing the next chapter of an iconic British brand. Sittings Editor: Eniola Dare.





A Good



CHIN UP

Isaac and Brosnahan play a couple more comfortable trading barbs than niceties.

Fashion Editor:
Max Ortega.

Sign

Oscar Isaac and Rachel Brosnahan are bringing a rarely seen play to stirring new life at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. By Marley Marius. Photographed by Norman Jean Roy.

In October of 1964, five years after *A Raisin in the Sun* made Lorraine Hansberry a leading figure in American letters, her second play, *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*, opened at New York's Longacre Theatre. Fame had come fast for Hansberry, who was not yet 29 when she became, with *Raisin*, the first Black female playwright to have a show produced on Broadway. "The telephone has become a little strange thing with a life of its own," she told a *New Yorker* interviewer after *Raisin*'s premiere in 1959, reacting to the rush of invitations and engagements that followed. If Hansberry's first work had dramatized some of the racial prejudices she felt growing up on the South Side of Chicago in the 1930s and '40s, her second would tackle the political and social conflagrations of 1960s

New York—where she'd moved as a 20-year-old college dropout the decade prior.

Centered on a gaggle of artists and writers in Greenwich Village, *The Sign* spoke directly to Hansberry's Waverly

Place milieu: a downtown cohort that included types who flirted with Communism; acolytes of "the abstractions flowing out of London or Paris"; and others who turned to "Zen, action painting, or even just Jack Kerouac," as she described it in an essay published that fall. "The silhouette of the Western intellectual poised in hesitation before the flames of involvement was an accurate symbolism of some of my closest friends," Hansberry wrote. It was the "climate and mood" of those types who "[constituted] the core" of *The Sign*.

In her 2018 biography, *Looking for Lorraine*, Imani Perry identified *The Sign* as Hansberry's response to *Another Country*, her friend James Baldwin's 1962 novel about "Village counterculture, queer sexuality, interracial intimacy." Gathered around the play's titular character—an entrepreneurial Jewish liberal who, besides being "a nervous, ulcerated, banjo-making young man," per Hansberry, was also a restless romantic and the

recent owner-publisher-editor of a small weekly paper—were Iris, his fiery, aspiring-actress wife; their friend Alton, a white-passing Black Marxist who falls in love with Iris's call girl sister Gloria; David, the gay playwright in the apartment upstairs; and Wally, a local politician who gains—and later betrays—Sidney's trust and support. The play offered a slice of very specific life, following the group as they searched for meaning in the melee of the 1960s. (As Robert Nemiroff, a producer of *The Sign*—and Hansberry's former husband—would put it in 1965, "The very day the play opened, Khrushchev fell from power in Russia, the Conservative Party fell in England, and the Chinese set off their atom bomb; where such events can occupy 24 hours, what power can a single

Black Chicago family dreaming of a better life.

A scrappy fundraising effort marshaled by Nemiroff, his producing partners, and well-wishers such as Shelley Winters, Anne Bancroft, Mel Brooks, and Baldwin kept *The Sign* on through the holidays, generating just enough buzz to make it a minor hit. But after Hansberry died, on the morning of January 12, 1965, the show went dark for good.

Now, after nearly 60 years, several rounds of revisions, and two successful recent stagings—at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival in 2014 and the Goodman Theatre in Chicago in 2016—*The Sign*'s first major New York production since its original run is due to open at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Harvey Thea-

ter this February, led by Oscar Isaac as Sidney and Rachel Brosnahan as Iris.

In a drafty Bushwick warehouse on a bright November day, Isaac and Brosnahan are sitting on the floor, posed as the New York bohemians they are gearing up to play. Mere days after wrapping

the fifth and final season of *The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel*, the Prime Video juggernaut that won her an Emmy and two Golden Globes, Brosnahan has traded the cocktail dresses and gloves of a nightclub comic act for a fitted green turtleneck and plaid capris, while Isaac—a fixture of the *Star Wars* and Marvel Cinematic universes to half of the viewing public, and a prestige-drama heartthrob to the rest—is in a sand-colored suit with an open shirt and no tie. They are shooting the poster for *The Sign*, and, though rehearsals won't begin for another two months, they have an easy rapport, making each other laugh between setups.

For director Anne Kauffman, who helmed the show in Chicago, mounting a revival in New York has been a dream long deferred. "It's been probably about 15 years," she says. What appeals to her most about the work is its *muchness*: "It's not necessarily finished, and I love that about it." Compared to the tightly plotted action of

If Hansberry's first work had dramatized some of the racial prejudices she felt growing up in Chicago, her second would tackle the political and social conflagrations of 1960s New York

man feel over the shaping of his destiny?" It would be the final play that Hansberry saw produced; by the time it premiered, the playwright was 34 and already dying from pancreatic cancer, tended to primarily by Nemiroff and her older lover, a woman named Dorothy Secules.

The play's initial critical reception was mixed. The shagginess of the script—which Hansberry had become too ill to properly revise—wasn't lost on reviewers: "There are, in brief, many good things scattered through *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*," Howard Taubman wrote in *The New York Times*. "But the truth must be faced that Miss Hansberry's play lacks concision and cohesion." Others objected to its tone. But what most seemed to be asking, directly or indirectly, was how this play—about (mostly) white people butting heads with one another and themselves—could come from the same woman who authored *A Raisin in the Sun*, that perfect jewel of a story about a



TIE GAME

Isaac in Prada.
Brosnahan
wears a
Louis Vuitton
dress.

“It just feels *alive*, and it feels messy,” says director Anne Kauffman. “*Life’s* just not neat anymore”

A Raisin in the Sun, *The Sign* sprawls, weaving art, race, religion, idealism, and bitter disenchantment into its vast web. “I think she was trying something really big. She was hunting big game, as I like to say,” Kauffman observes of Hansberry. “It just feels *alive*, and it feels messy. We can’t make anything neat today—*life’s* just not neat anymore. So I feel like it’s ahead of its time in that way.”

Kauffman was teaching at NYU in the early 2000s when the play first started working on her. “I was mentoring one of the fourth-year directors, and she chose to do *Sign*. And I remember thinking, Are you sure?” Sitting in on her student’s rehearsals, however, she was struck by the play’s central couple, two sharp and passionate people who argue more than they talk. (The dynamic is playful and teasing until it’s not: “Why don’t you just hit me with your fist sometimes, Sid?” Iris asks her husband after one especially cruel remark.) In Sidney, whom Kauffman thinks of as “sort of the Jewish Hamlet,” she saw “a mix between Zero Mostel and Cary Grant. He has to be everything. He has to be a character actor and he has to be a leading man—I mean, he’s offstage for maybe seven minutes in the play.” Twenty-nine-year-old Iris, meanwhile, is “someone whose fierce wit and intelligence are only matched by how fearlessly she wields her heart,” per Brosnahan. “Her heart is completely outside her body.” (Or, as Kauffman puts it, “She’s like a child, but she’s coming into her own. She’s really smart. But she also talks out of her ass.”)

Years later, in 2017, Kauffman was meeting with Ben Stiller about doing *The Sign* in New York when he suggested Oscar Isaac—who is not Jewish, but *did* once play Hamlet at the Public

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



DOWNTOWN VIEW

Isaac wears a suit from Early Halloween. Stetson fedora. Brosnahan wears a coat by Coach. In this story: hair for Brosnahan, Shay Ashual; hair for Isaac, Tim Nolan; makeup, Kuma; grooming, Amy Komorowski. Details, see In This Issue.





SPARKLING INTEREST

Muted tops and shimmering bottoms strike a daring, delicate balance. FROM LEFT: Model He Cong wears a **Valentino** top, skirt, and shoes. Model Sherry Shi wears a **Valentino** top, pants, and shoes. All at **Valentino** boutiques.

Fashion Editor:
Gabriella Karefa-Johnson.

Ring In the New!



Inspired by the eruptive joy of the Lunar New Year—and set amid a backdrop of Cai Guo-Qiang's famous gunpowder paintings—we're celebrating 2023 with exciting silhouettes and lots of eye-catching jewelry. 新年快乐!
Photographed by Theo Liu.

HARE APPARENT

Framed by Cai Guo-Qiang's *Snow Lotus No. 1* (2020), model Sora Choi leaps headfirst into the Year of the Rabbit wearing a graphically embellished Louis Vuitton dress, tights, earrings, and necklace; select Louis Vuitton stores. Tory Burch shoes.



IN THE PINK

He cuts a cool figure against the jolly motif of Cai's *Pink Poppy No. 2* (2021) in her layered Simone Rocha bodysuit, top, and necklace; simonerocha.com. Calvin Klein jeans; calvinklein.com.

LONG SHOT

When it comes to setting a festive tone, nothing does the trick quite like a plunging back, a high slit, and thrilling, swoon-worthy color. Choi wears a Versace dress and shoes; versace.com. Swarovski necklace.





PET PROJECT

Cuddling up to a darling new friend, model Yumi Nu shows off her one-shoulder **Michael Kors Collection** dress: michaelkors.com. **Jennifer Fisher** earrings.

BEAUTY NOTE

Red alert! Clé de Peau's Cream Rouge Matte Liquid Lipstick in 121 Strawberry Rhubarb offers rich color payoff and a smudge-proof finish.



AS YOU LIKE IT

Backed now by Cai's elaborate *Welcoming Pine: Project for the Winter Olympics Opening Ceremony* (2022), Choi kicks up her heels in an asymmetrical **Ferragamo** dress and shoes; ferragamo.com. **Ariana Boussard-Reifel x Jason Wu** earring.



HIGH CONTRAST

Roaming Cai's sprawling New Jersey property—which includes a Frank Gehry-designed main house, a 14,000-square-foot studio, and an authentic *chashitsu* for Japanese tea ceremonies—Choi keeps things light and bright in a Prada top, skirt, and shoes; prada.com. Paula Mendoza Jewelry earrings.

WALK THIS WAY

FROM LEFT: Choi wears an Alexander McQueen dress, boots, earrings, and ring; alexandermcqueen.com. Shi wears a Dior dress and tights; Dior boutiques. He wears a Kim Shui x Marina Hoermanseder bodice; kimshui.net. Jason Wu top and skirt; jasonwu.com.





FULL TILT

On the home stretch in her **Balenciaga** dress and pantaleggings (balenciaga.com), Choi ekes out a little downtime with Cai's exuberant *Poppy Hallucination: Year of Rabbit* (2022).

FLOWER POWER

Over in Cai's studio—a converted horse barn—Choi surveys the progress on *Poppy Hallucination: Year of Rabbit* in a **Peter Do** gown; modaoperandi.com. **Jack Vartanian** chain necklace.



SHADOW PLAY

The Year of the Rabbit begins in 2023. Model He wears a **Chanel** dress. **Paula Mendoza Jewelry** earrings. Necklaces from **Jack Vartanian**, **Swarovski**, and **Ippolita**. In this story: hair, Charlie Le Mindu; makeup, Fara Homidi. Details, see In This Issue.



Into the Light

When she was growing up, Lan Samantha Chang's family declared they wouldn't celebrate any holidays. But in the dark of winter, they rediscovered the joy and renewal of the Lunar New Year.

My preparations for each Lunar New Year begin in the bathroom. On Lunar New Year's Eve, I turn on the hot water and let the air fill with steam. With my bare toes curled against the chilly floor, I scissor off a lock of hair, clip my nails, and discard these symbolic crumbs of bad luck into the trash. Then I get in the shower, where I suds and scour and scrub down every inch of skin.

"You have to wash off all of the bad luck from the year before." This was my mother's imperative, as if bad fortune could accumulate into a grungy layer over the course of the year. As if I had one chance—a crucial opening on a February night—in which it would be possible to get rid of it.

The cleanse on Lunar New Year's Eve is one of many customs—really, superstitions—taught to me by my late mother and father. It's part of a larger idea that everything should be immaculate, including the body and the home, which should also be tidied and, most importantly, swept out. This is done to lay a perfect groundwork for the coming year: spotless and unblemished by past trouble. A vision of an annual opportunity, of incremental growth, was a fundamental part of my parents' Chinese lives long before the 1950s, when they put these lives behind them to face a new existence in the US.

My parents' catalog of rituals must contain only a fraction of the traditions followed by Lunar New Year's billion celebrants worldwide. But my mother and father were firm about what they believed. We must eat certain lucky foods: labor-intensive

sweet-rice-and-red-bean cakes; steamed dumplings; a whole fish covered with ginger and scallions; and lots of fruit, including, especially, oranges and lychees. The lychees, my mother warned, should not be paired with crabmeat—a bad combination, a dangerously "cold" shock to the system, possibly fatal. And we should never make soup because "if you serve soup on New Year's, it will rain on every special occasion for the rest of the year." When we had a rare meal out, we went to my parents' favorite local restaurant, Bao Ju, in Neenah, Wisconsin. It was named after the Chinese word for firecrackers, which were set off on the New Year to chase away evil spirits. The phone number of the restaurant contained several eights; eight was a lucky number, as was nine, whereas four, the unluckiest number of all, should be avoided.

My parents wished so fervently for luck in the New Year. For good health, of course, but especially for money. And so bits of cash were exchanged, to encourage an increase of fortune. We children thanked our older relatives for annual red envelopes that were sent to us by mail. On the second day of the New Year, my father or mother would usually bundle up in something red and hurtle him or herself into the glacial Wisconsin winter, walking, "in all directions," in an attempt to encounter the Money God. Such a meeting, I was told, would result in a rich year. My questions about this ritual were met with a dead end. "What does the Money God look like?" I asked my mother. "No one knows." "Will the Money God appear as a person? Is it an inanimate object?" "I don't know." "What are the other gods?" Silence.

Thus my parents shut down my questions whenever I tried to cross-examine them about these protocols. I was lectured on the value of a "rational" Western education. They insisted superstitions were for the ignorant and they would sometimes scold me for even mentioning such topics. I learned to keep my mouth shut and my ears open. My sisters and I overheard my father and mother, behind closed doors, discussing in hushed voices our strengths and weaknesses as students and daughters, referring to our birth animals from the Chinese zodiac. When one of us entered the room, they would immediately stop talking. Maybe they didn't want us to know of their belief in the irrational; maybe they wanted to protect us from succumbing to fatalism. After I left home for college, my mother would phone me on the holiday to deliver Lunar New Year prognostications for my sisters and myself. If a bad year was coming, I should wear a red bracelet. She claimed the predictions were oddities from the Chinese newspaper. She said she didn't believe any of it. But if I waited long enough, she would drop bits of information denoting genuine concern for me or one of my sisters—that women born in the Year of Dragon (myself) marry late, for example, and that Horse women (my oldest sister) never marry at all.

Decades later, now that both of my parents are gone, I wonder why their New Year practices were so steeped in superstition. My mother and father had US college educations and my father held a master's degree in engineering from Columbia University. They each claimed a Western rationality. Did they actually believe that taking

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108



SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS

Leaning into the wild romance of Simi Valley, California, model and actor Nicola Peltz Beckham sports a sweeping, lace-edged Dior dress; Dior boutiques. Isabel Marant high-rise jeans (worn throughout); isabelmarant.com. Her husband, Brooklyn Beckham, wears Diesel D-rise jeans (throughout); diesel.com. Bode shirt; bodennewyork.com. Chrome Hearts bracelet. Fashion Editor: Max Ortega.



Just One Thing

Wide-leg jeans and their Edenic 1970s
vibe are again a force of nature.
Nicola Peltz Beckham (in Isabel Marant)
and Brooklyn Beckham (in Diesel)
showcase the wonders of the perfect pair.

Photographed by Dan Martensen.



**HOLDING
THEIR OWN**

Nicola wears a
Dolce & Gabbana
top and bra;
dolcegabbana.com.
Brooklyn wears
a **Rhude** sweater;
rh-ude.com.

TWO FOR THE ROAD

Nicola throws a diaphanous **Olivier Theyskens** dress (oliviertheyskens.com) over her denim for a bit of boho glamour. **Louis Vuitton** boots.

Van Cleef & Arpels pendant necklace. Brooklyn, meanwhile, gets grungy in his **R13** flannel shirt; r13.com.







BLANKET STATEMENT

Wide-leg jeans' lounge-friendly fit makes them ideal for picnicking. LEFT: Nicola wears a **Loewe** jacket; loewe.com. Brooklyn wears an **ERL** shirt; doverstreetmarket.com. RIGHT: **Aspesi** sweater vest; aspesi.com. **Maison Margiela** hat.





OUT ON A LIMB

Nicola shimmers in a **Valentino** top with linear sequin details (Valentino boutiques) while her gilt-fringed **Vaquera** belt hangs loose.

BIG WHEELS

Hello, moto! The couple steals a bundled-up kiss on the go. Nicola wears a **Miu Miu** coat; miumiu.com. Brooklyn wears a **Loewe** hoodie; loewe.com. In this story: hair, Teddy Charles; makeup, Raoul Alejandre using Valentino Beauty; grooming, Christine Nelli. Details, see In This Issue.



ALL PRODUCTS FEATURED IN VOGUE ARE INDEPENDENTLY SELECTED BY OUR EDITORS. HOWEVER, WHEN YOU BUY SOMETHING THROUGH OUR RETAIL LINKS, VOGUE MAY EARN AN AFFILIATE COMMISSION.



Scan to
see more from
this story.

The Get



Good Enough to Eat

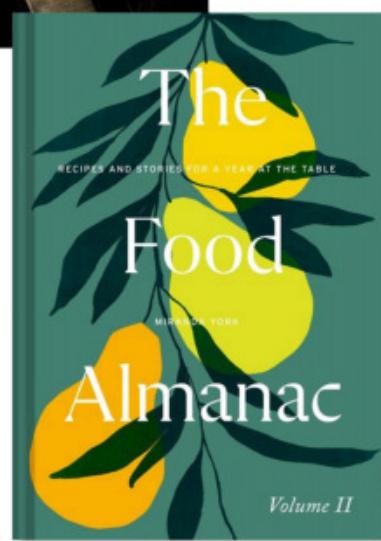
Chic kitchenware and kitschy accessories lend the cozy winter months a little extra fun—and flavor.





1. BRENT NEALE EARRINGS; BRENTNEALE.COM. 2. GUNIA PROJECT PLATE, \$115; GUNIAPROJECT.COM. 3. LA DOUBLEJ APRON, \$120; LADOUBLEJ.COM. 4. BIALETTI DOLCE & GABBANA MOKA EXPRESS, \$100 FOR A MEDIUM POT; DOLCEGABBANA.COM. 5. TORY BURCH WATER GLASS, \$128 FOR A SET OF 2; TORYBURCH.COM. 6. BY FAR CLOGS, \$505; BYFARLOSANGELES.COM. 7. GUCCI CAKE STAND, \$580; GUCCI.COM. 8. JULISKA AT NEIMAN MARCUS POT HOLDER, \$48 FOR A SET WITH AN OVEN MITT; NEIMANMARCUS.COM. 9. BRIGHTLAND OLIVE OIL, \$40; BRIGHTLAND.CO. 10. LONGCHAMP BAG, \$110; LONGCHAMP.COM. 11. LOEWE FRAGRANCE, \$117; LOEWE.COM. 12. BODE SWEATSHIRT, \$490; BODENEWYORK.COM. 13. BALENCIAGA BAG, \$1,500; BALENCIAGA.COM. 14. GOHAR WORLD LEMON SQUEEZER, \$28; GOHARWORLD.COM. 15. THE FOOD ALMANAC II BY MIRANDA YORK, \$20; AMAZON.COM. 16. ALIITA EARRING, \$320; US.ALIITA.COM. SHOP THE ISSUE ONLINE AT VOGUE.COM/SHOPPING

15



15



12



11



16

103

ALL TOMORROW'S MENUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

directly into the Baltic Sea. I admit that it was restorative, though I quibble with one of the women's assertions that the plunge would feel like "two glasses of Champagne." Thankfully, they serve Champagne at Ateljé Finne, where I adjourn to ruminate, over lamb tartare with egg yolk crème, about what I will learn at Solar Foods the next day regarding the likelihood that my future grandchildren will know the pleasures of tartare and cold wine. Did you know that *kiddos!* (spelled *kiitos*) is "thank you" in Finnish?

The following morning, donning the unofficial Finnish uniform of a wool beanie, a puffer coat, and a backpack, I make my way to a small factory 20 minutes from my hotel at Helsinki's central train station. Inside an unmarked door I stumble into a clutch of scientists in crisp white lab coats emblazoned with the motto "Liberator of Protein Production" staring through microscopes, like so many modern-day van Leeuwenhoeks. I'm shown a petri dish, full of clusters of the microbe itself—on its patent it is referred to as VTT-E-193585, but here it goes by "Solein." Squinting, I see little clumps of a warm saffron yellow, far too microbial-looking to suggest lamb *or* egg yolk crème. The lovely color, though, is natural and comes from carotenoids, a valuable micronutrient. Solein is otherwise 65 to 70 percent protein (including the nine essential amino acids); 5 to 8 percent fat; 10 to 15 percent dietary fiber; and 3 to 5 percent mineral nutrients like iron, plus B vitamins. I'm ushered to a contraption that reminds me of the machine that produces Everlasting Gobstoppers in Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory, through whose porthole I observe a thick yellow liquid bubble and burp. I'm watching a process 20 times more efficient than photosynthesis, by which Solein uses renewable energy to turn hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon dioxide into a replacement for eggs, milk, cheese, mayonnaise, and meat.

In a test kitchen next door, several members of Solar Foods' C-suite, including its CEO Pasi Vainikka, stand somewhat stiffly beside product developers Anna Häkämies and

Sini Möttönen. There's also a bearded chef named Sebastian Borg, and on a stainless-steel prep table in front of them sits a little glass beaker of fine saffron powder. As I eagerly tap a spoon into the beaker to taste the remarkable innovation, I'm reminded by one of the executives that anything that happens to me as a result of tasting Solein is not the responsibility of Solar Foods. It seems that in the EU, any food not "consumed to a significant degree by humans in the EU before May 15, 1997," must be granted the status of "novel food," certifying that it is safe to eat, poses no risk to public health, and isn't nutritionally inferior to what it might replace. According to these guidelines, Solein isn't yet technically a food. But why have I traveled all this way if not to take risks? I close my eyes, put the powder to my nose and inhale lightly to ensure I fully appreciate its aroma compounds, then put it to my tongue. Solein tastes faintly of porcini mushroom, with a clear, pleasing note of umami. I'm pleasantly surprised at the powder's rich earthiness. Then, I break out into a violent cough, causing a momentary panic and the exhortation by the executives to "please not die." I assure everyone I'm fine. I just got some microbes down the wrong pipe.

I'm next shown photos of Solein that has been put through something called an extruder to give it a meaty texture. It looks like meat. But there's none to taste. Today, we'll be working on substituting Solein for egg. Chef Borg hands me a bowl containing a viscous mixture of Solein, rapeseed oil, water, and salt. I dip a new spoon in and experience the mouthfeel and fleshy flavor of raw egg. Häkämies and Möttönen admit that they haven't figured out how to make the egg coagulate yet, but it's in the works. Borg tips the Solein egg into a bowl of flour and kneads it into pasta dough the deep yellow of 20-yolk tagliatelle dough. He passes it to me to feel. It has the pliability of Silly Putty. Next is Solein cream cheese, which is creamy and rich, again with umami undertones, and made with homogenized Solein instead of heavy cream. "Our gold standard was Philadelphia cream cheese," Häkämies and Möttönen confess. I would happily spread the microbial proxy on a bagel. To demonstrate Solein cheese's versatility, Borg uses it

like mascarpone, mixing it into a pasta filling alongside roasted wild yellow-foot mushrooms and spinach. I'm invited to join him in filling rounds of pasta and folding them into tortellini. As we fold, we chat about restaurants we've cooked in. It strikes me that even though our main ingredient came from a lab, we are engaging in a culinary ritual as old as time, making light conversation while filling dough. I enjoy the familiar wild forest smell of roasting mushrooms as Borg pulls a tray from the oven to toss with a Solein milk-potato skin foam to sauce the pasta. We eat plates of supple tortellini, which is savory, creamy, and mushroomy, and immediately filling. Häkämies mentions that this might be because Solein itself is a nutritional powerhouse of iron, B vitamins, dietary fiber, fat, and, of course, protein. By the time I've cleaned my little plate, I've additionally consumed selenium, vitamin K, and vitamin D, all of which were chosen to create a nutritionally complete lunch. "Nutrition is something we really focus on," Vainikka remarks. "It's not only to make protein, but to make a variety of foods that are well-rounded and nutritious."

For Solein-as-mayonnaise, Borg whisks the Solein egg with lime and lemon zest into a thick, creamy emulsion. He dollops it over a salad of roasted brussels sprouts and apples, where it brings to mind a citrusy ranch. I'd mentioned having found the idea of Solein ice cream, of which I'd seen a photo on Instagram, particularly enticing. Lunch is rounded out by little silver coups of it, scented with makrut lime. I'm full and the sun is setting. But Häkämies provides me with a list of other things Solein can be: yogurt, smoothies, scrambled eggs, falafel, burgers, charcuterie, protein bars, cereal, and soups.

As I ride the train back toward Helsinki, with perhaps just enough light left in the sky to peruse the all-black capsule collection at Nomen Nescio, I muse over whether my hope in humanity's future has been restored. "Our goal isn't to replace farming completely," a Solar Foods spokeswoman had told me. "It's to give the land a chance to recover by easily replacing something resource-intensive with something that isn't. We see farms and bioreactors coexisting." It is a hopeful vision indeed. The

company is seeking GRAS (Generally Recognized As Safe) status, which could see food made from Solein land on US shelves in 2024. And Solar Foods is currently developing a portable bioreactor that could brew Solein in space for NASA's Artemis mission, which will send the first woman of color to the moon, and for future missions to Mars. When the Artemis astronauts are in orbit, I'll relish knowing they won't suffer freeze-dried astronaut ice cream, but be offered a creamy Solein version, perhaps perfumed with makrut lime. And while the 1 percent aren't those about whose climate-change-induced starvation I sit up at night worrying, one can't deny that Solein's deliciousness and versatility is a boon for patrons of Axiom's Philippe Starck-designed space hotel, scheduled to open next year. Whether or not a Champagne cork pops in zero gravity, at least each of the hotel's \$55-million-paying guests will be able to toast their grand adventure with wild mushroom Solein tortellini. □

FREE RADICAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

fog of depression. This was an idea that came to Pugh from her own on-and-off experience as a teenager experiencing both routine and occasionally acute mental distress. "So many of the things that I did were quick fixes," she says. "Things were so wrong in my head and things were so wrong with school life and things were so dark and scary. And so I would try and do quick things like, Oh, well, I can change my nails. Oh, I can buy an eyelash kit. I can buy this weird cellulite cream on Amazon."

She raised the idea of cutting her hair to Braff, who told her that that kind of irreversible alteration would mean that there could be no filming scenes out of order—impossible, especially on their very tight indie film budget. "Probably three times, I was like: 'Florence, it's such a good idea. Here's why it's impossible.' And she was like: 'You guys will figure it out.' And then eventually we did." The haircut that Pugh gives herself on camera is, as she puts it, "a mistake that she has to wear on her head for the entire film. I just wanted it to be a dreadful mess." That hair—so bad I had assumed it was a wig—is just one more example of her devotion to her

work. "Florence isn't afraid to sit in the choices she's made for her characters," says Scarlett Johansson, her costar in *Black Widow*. "She commits to the idea of a multifaceted and complex person with all their stubbornness and flaws. It's one of the many qualities that makes her so delicious to watch."

Without giving too much away, what jolts Allison out of her stupor is not a haircut but an encounter with her (by then) ex-fiancé's father, played by Morgan Freeman. The two become an odd couple, simultaneously repulsed and bound together by the tragedy they have endured. Their communion is halting and painful, but the film delivers an ultimately hopeful message about the power of redemption, which feels a fitting theme given Pugh's clear connection with almost everyone she encounters, from her directors to her ex-partners to tweens in a weaving studio to waiters offering her wine.

When I speak with Lelio, he elaborates on her magnetism, her ability to make those around her feel special and valued. "One day, while we were filming *The Wonder*, we were informed that there was a truck with doughnuts outside as a little present from Florence to the team." Her off-camera role on the film went beyond providing baked goods. "Filmmaking can be exhausting," Lelio says. "You get to see who everyone is, because you're under a lot of pressure. Florence had that way of uniting everyone and uplifting the set."

(A digression on Pugh's charisma that is too good to elide: When she was making Park Chan-wook's TV adaptation of John le Carré's *The Little Drummer Girl* (2018), she sat down for a dinner with the author toward the end of the filming, and le Carré said something about women and money that she found a bit silly and a bit offensive. "I looked at him and I said, 'You're such an old fart,'" Pugh relates. "And he said, 'Excuse me?' And I said, 'You're such an old fucking fart.' And he paused in his story and gave me a wry smile. And then he leaned in and he said, 'I think we're going to get along just fine.' And then after that we were best friends." A year later, Pugh saw him again, and he confessed to some near-fatal writer's block. "I said, 'What do you mean your writing days are over? Just keep writing. Keep stretching your brain. Do it.'" At their next encounter, on

the red carpet, she gave him a big hug. "He goes, 'Florence, Florence. Guess what? I'm writing again!' I was like, 'Oh, my God, that's amazing.' And he goes, 'That's not even the best bit. You're in my book.'" The "Florence" of le Carré's penultimate novel—the author passed away in 2020—*Agent Running in the Field*, is a talented but occasionally insubordinate young spy with a penchant for red Burgundy.)

As for what's next: When Pugh departs New York, she will be back in press mode for *The Wonder*, then waiting for her big projects of 2023 to come out: Christopher Nolan's *Oppenheimer* (scheduled for July), in which she plays Jean Tatlock, the mistress of the titular atomic scientist (Cillian Murphy), and Denis Villeneuve's *Dune: Part Two* (slated for November). Then it's off to Atlanta to film her next Marvel project, *Thunderbolts*; meanwhile, she's conspiring with her *Little Drummer* costar Alexander Skarsgård (coincidentally, she had breakfast with him the same morning as our weaving exploits and dinner) to make a film that he will direct called *The Pack*, about a documentary film crew attempting to save a species of wolves from extinction. Farther out, she would love to do theater, though it is both an attractive and a terrifying prospect: "Being onstage is a different thing, because you're in front of people who need to be entertained now.... And I know that when I do a play, it's going to mean a different thing. Whereas if I'd done it five years ago, not as many people would've come. I suppose the more time that I've avoided it, the more the pressure builds."

With the holiday season approaching, she has babies to visit—she is heading to her friends' home for Thanksgiving a few weeks later to meet their infant. She will spend Christmas with family, including her one-year-old niece, Aurora, who Pugh calls Rory or Figgy (because at one point in utero she was approximately the size of a fig, and while the Pughs like big names, they also know when a baby needs a nickname). Pugh herself once thought she would have 10 children; she feels babies are definitely in her future. If she gets a moment to take a vacation (seems unlikely), she may go back to Italy, where she traveled this past summer,

or join her Gran—an accidental star of the Venice Film Festival red carpet, when Pugh brought her along as her date—for hiking in the Lake District. “Seven hours going up and seven hours coming down,” she says. “We’ve all been doing that with her since we were about 11.” And of course there is a kitchen to finish back in London, waiting for an inaugural dinner party.

Over the course of our own meal, we have navigated our way through chicken liver mousse, a roast chicken, a bowl of rigatoni with lamb ragù, a salad with strangely delicious smoked grapes on top. “Maybe we ordered too much?” Pugh wonders as we start to lose stamina and a trout dish remains untouched. She insists I take it home for my mother, who is watching my children, happy that the tragedy of wasted food has been averted. When we emerge from the restaurant, the rain has stopped, and the streets are slick and strangely warm for a fall evening. This corner of Vinegar Hill is dark and misty, somehow left behind in the condo-crazed land grab that has transformed the Brooklyn waterfront. Pugh gets in a car that will take her back to Manhattan, where she is meeting the actor Ashley Park—who happens to be in town—another friend she has collected in her travels, in her work. Pugh may not yet have a local pub filled with her childhood mates, but if what turns a house into a home is the love with which you fill it, it is clear that she will have a home wherever she makes it. □

A WHITE HOUSE WEDDING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

(They chose black.)

Naomi says she was surprised to find Peter was “a bit of a bridezilla,” she jokes, and “obsessed with all the details,” but she was not surprised by involvement from the first lady—known among all the Biden grandchildren as “Nana.” When the couple’s lease ran out on their DC apartment, they asked Nana and the president if they could move in for a few months while wedding planning, along with their mini Australian shepherd, Charlie, who can often be seen gamboling on the South Lawn with the Bidens’ German shepherd, Commander. “I try to remind myself it’s the White House, but it also gets normalized over time,” says Naomi.

This proximity, both geographic and emotional, is normal for Naomi, who has lived less than a mile away from her grandparents for most of her life. “The relationship hasn’t changed that much,” Naomi says. “When I was in middle school, we lived so close, and they were at every sports game and our school plays. We still do the same things. It’s always been this way.” Of course, prosaic family activities like movie nights are now held in a White House screening room with freshly made popcorn and Secret Service in the back. They recently watched—and all loved—*Top Gun: Maverick*, and Naomi has learned the hard way to vet family movie choices after some awkward group viewings, like last summer’s *This Is 40* screening at Camp David. “The opening scene, oh, my God, I wanted to die,” she says, shuddering.

“Now we do wedding planning together, and she’s been super involved,” the bride says of her time with Nana. “Naomi has a strong sense of herself and had a vision for her wedding,” says the first lady. “It was fun to see her finding so much joy in all the details.” These details were discussed in the evening over a glass of wine—Cabernet for Dr. Biden, Sancerre for Naomi—or when attending barre and SoulCycle classes together in Georgetown. “She slips right in; it’s pretty normal,” Naomi says.

“I do know she lost sleep over the fact that I was planning to serve turkey sandwiches at the lunch,” Naomi adds. (They amended the menu to chicken pot pie as a surprise for the father of the bride, since it is Hunter’s favorite and the dish Dr. Biden cooks for him every year on his birthday.) But keeping perspective was the main thing: “She has really stressed to me that every time I get anxious about wedding stuff to take a breath and remember that it’s just a day about Peter and me and being around the people we love,” Naomi explains. “She’s taught me so much about being independent and self-sufficient. But that doesn’t mean you can’t also be a selfless and fiercely loyal partner.” (When asked about marriage advice, Dr. Biden says she told her granddaughter only to “maintain your independence.”)

On the Thursday of *Vogue*’s pre-wedding shoot, the White House is a flurry of preparation. Rafanelli and

his staff slip in and out of various state rooms to oversee the setup. On the North Portico, white vans are being unloaded under the Federal-style columns, while on the South Lawn, the aisle is being built. In the East Room, where dancing will take place, a blue chairlift lumbers in to help hang lighting and greenery, and in the State Dining Room the tables are set with white-and-gold presidential china.

Naomi enters the Green Room inside a beehive of giddy activity: hairdresser, makeup artist, stylist Bailey Moon, and two Ralph Lauren designers, Andrea and Lorenzo, who have come as keepers of the custom gown, quick to jump into the frame and help fluff and smooth the millefeuille organza, charmeuse, and crinoline skirt.

“Like every little girl, I had a vision in my head—it was Grace Kelly’s dress I loved,” admits Naomi, who with her Audrey Hepburn brows and honey-colored hair is not a far cry from the Princess of Monaco (after all, a White House wedding *is* our country’s version of a royal one). The cathedral-length silk organza veil with matching Chantilly lace border is stretched out covering the entire blue-and-yellow carpet of the oval-shaped Blue Room, and flutters of panic ensue when it is suggested we try photographing Naomi in it.

Mia and Asha, Naomi’s two best friends and classmates from Sidwell Friends, have come down from New York for the occasion and are acting as ladies-in-waiting—cooing over how majestic she looks and offering bottled water with a straw so as not to disrupt the bride’s makeup. It was Mia, also an attorney, who introduced Naomi to Peter at her house in East Hampton in June 2018. Naomi was so taken with the young law student—who had interned at the Obama White House and worked for Hillary Clinton’s 2016 campaign—that she texted him the next day while he was on an Amtrak train, headed back to his summer internship in DC, to suggest he disembark in Wilmington and come visit her at her grandparents’ instead. “He did it,” says Naomi with a hint of triumph. (Peter’s taxi driver was impressed when he gave him the address: “That’s Joe Biden’s house!”)

Three years later, Peter proposed in his hometown of Jackson Hole,

Wyoming, with an emerald-cut diamond fitted on his grandmother's gold band, even as Naomi's family assembled as a surprise at his family home.

At the White House, with a magnificent sunset outlining the Washington Monument in shades of lavender and pink, Naomi's two little sisters, Finnegan, 22, and Maisy, 21, shuffle into the Blue Room where everyone is oohing over the cloudscape. They have their hands over their eyes and so move a little clumsily in their sweatshirts. "We don't want to see the dress before!" the sisters chime. "Is Nana here yet?"

She isn't but will be soon. Dr. Biden is teaching today and coming straight back to change into her gold embroidered seafoam blue Reem Acra dress and glittering Jimmy Choo pumps that she will be wearing to the reception (for the wedding she chose a teal wool crepe coat and silk chiffon dress also by Acra).

The first lady beams when she takes in Naomi; she's only seen the dress in sketches, and lace from her own wedding dress is stitched into the bodice. "Oh, honey!" she says, arms outstretched. (Asked about her favorite memories of her own wedding, Dr. Biden recalled how "spontaneously Beau and Hunter, little boys at the time, stood at the altar with me and Joe.")

The pair sit together on the mint-striped silk sofa. The first lady's dress is structured with a built-in corset, but Dr. Biden assures the crew she's perfectly comfortable and can do whatever is needed. "I can move, but I don't know if my dress will," she says with a laugh when *Vogue*'s photographer, Norman Jean Roy, asks her to turn toward Naomi. Louis Armstrong's "Cheek to Cheek" plays on a travel speaker. Naomi nestles her head into her nana's shoulder.

"It looks natural!" says Roy happily.

"This is how we always sit," jokes Naomi. Then after a beat: "I mean honestly, it kind of is, just in different clothes." □

ENGLAND MADE ME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

with inventing gabardine, a tightly woven waterproof wool, circa 1879. Functionality is the concept that Lee has latched onto: "It's really [about] design with meaning, that's innovative

with a purpose, as opposed to just being innovative for a new silhouette or a new construction or technique."

As the conversation turns to the actual fashion, Lee leans in. "Think about the trench coat—it's been around for decades. So what is the bag that can stand the test of time like that trench coat? What is the shoe? What is the overcoat that lives legitimately next to the trench and will be around for a very long time? We're thinking about the feeling of the outdoors," he says. "It's not necessarily about an overcoat, but about warmth, tactility, and coziness—and about being on the move, and not being weighed down."

Lee is something of an outdoorsman himself. During the year between Bottega Veneta and Burberry, he traveled to Botswana and Zimbabwe. "Botswana, especially, was incredible," he says, "because it's one of the least inhabited countries on the planet. It grounds you in a way to be around the animals." He also hiked Machu Picchu and went to Cuba—twice.

We won't have to wait until the runway show to get our first clue about the direction Lee's heading. In November, he shot his first Burberry campaign with Tyrone Lebon, the London-born photographer with whom he collaborated at Bottega Veneta. It features Burberry classics, seen through Lee's lens, and is set to launch in early February.

"It's really about London and the UK, a mix of people who are the best at what they do. You know: people with real substance." He prefers not to name names yet, but confirms they come from the culture of dance, football, music, theater. "Burberry flies the flag for Britishness, and for culture, so we have a responsibility to communicate those things. I don't know if this is the right way to say this," he continues, "but more than surprising people, I really would like them to see the new vision and feel reassured—like, 'Oh, yeah, this makes sense: This is what Burberry should be.'"

He says he feels aligned with Burberry's CEO, Jonathan Akeroyd, who joined the brand from Versace in April of last year. "We're really excited about building out every single area," Lee says. Demonstrating just how hands-on he is, he's not working with a stylist for the runway show, though he does surround

himself with women for their invaluable perspective.

The first fashion show Lee saw after graduating from Central Saint Martins was Christopher Bailey's fall 2012 outing for Burberry—"the one with the artificial rain," as he remembers. Before that, his first Burberry piece was a jumper of Bailey's design. Mutual Yorkshire roots brought the two together when Lee got the Bottega Veneta job, and Bailey, who headed up the brand from 2001 to 2018, has become something of a mentor. "I think Christopher really fostered this sense of community [at Burberry]; he's very warm and welcoming, and he was at the brand for such a long time."

Will Lee stay as long? He seems to be approaching it a bit like he has his Georgian terrace. "I don't try to predict too far into the future," he says. "But you know, my intention is to write an iconic chapter." □

A GOOD SIGN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

Theater—for the lead role. "He's without question one of the most exciting actors working right now," Brosnahan says. "It feels like he's constantly searching for ways to surprise himself and surprise his audiences at the same time."

The play was a startling discovery for the 43-year-old actor, whose other upcoming projects include a crime thriller directed by Stiller and a retelling of the making of *The Godfather*—in which he plays Francis Ford Coppola—from Barry Levinson. "It feels like a lost Mozart piece or something," Isaac says. Hansberry, writing in the 1960s, seemed to see right through our 21st-century social mores. "One of the things that I really loved, and I do feel speaks to now, is when Iris is saying, *Oh, you're being so Victorian about sex*, and then Sidney says—I'm paraphrasing—*Victorians didn't have a problem with sex. They had a problem with its visibility*. I found myself saying that a lot in conversation. Now, everybody's all about saying the right thing and doing the right thing and making sure that you've got the right opinion. It doesn't matter what the truth is, it's about the visibility of it."

If there's a touch of Albee acid to Sidney and Iris's sparring, in 32-year-

old Brosnahan—who last appeared onstage six years ago, in an off-Broadway production of *Othello* with Daniel Craig—Isaac found the perfect Martha to his George. “You’re just kind of thrust into these situations where you immediately have to be so intensely intimate,” he says of their first meeting, in 2019. “And the fact that she’s so open and free—it was just very, very easy.” “Rachel has a very, very free spirit,” Kauffman says. “She can play the conventional, but she is a wild hare. She is itching to break free of any enclosure. And I think she’s really hilarious.” She adds, “I feel like they both can do anything.”

Isaac and Brosnahan feel, yes, the pressures of bringing *The Sign* back to New York after so much time—“I walked into the Harvey Theater and I was like, Oh, my God, this place is huge,” Isaac says with a laugh. But they’re also enthralled by the chance to do so. “Hearing it out loud, it just felt so contemporary. The words leapt off the page, and also felt poignant and searing and funny and charming and hopeful,” says Brosnahan, who plans to take a well-earned break after the *Maisel* hustle—and hopefully get off-book—before rehearsals start. “I’m simultaneously excited and petrified, and obviously want to do

justice to Lorraine’s beautiful script. But it being the first major New York revival of this play feels celebratory.”

Isaac adds, “There’s something about reading a play that when it really comes alive, it feels closer to what it feels like to play music live.” He considers himself and Brosnahan stewards of the work—or, to extend the simile, like “players in the symphony of this piece that hasn’t been played. That’s really the intent: I’d love to lend my part to let people hear this thing.” □

INTO THE LIGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

certain ritual actions portended good luck? It’s now too late to ask. My mother died in 2014, and my father died in 2020, outlasting her at age 97.

Of course, my parents longed for money—they had four children and my father’s salary as a researcher didn’t cover extras. As they were unable to afford childcare, my mother stayed home with us. We never ate at McDonald’s. My sisters learned to sew their own prom dresses. When my youngest sister started school, my mother began to work, giving piano lessons in our living room. But as we grew, new financial challenges evolved: transportation, books, tuition.

To my mother, I think, the desire for money must have been a way to manage her anxiety over even larger uncertainties: What would become of her poor health, my impractical career choices, the lack of clarity in my sisters’ and my romantic lives? Maybe in the New Year, I would finally start to make some money as a writer. Maybe I would meet the perfect man: a Monkey or a Rat. Born only 40 years after the end of foot-binding, my mother had studied psychology before she married my father, raised us, and eventually made a career as a respected teacher. She had one of the most open minds I’ve known. But in addition to her belief in the value of education and environment, she held a deep need to assume some power outside of herself. She possessed a kind of fatalism that had emerged, I am guessing, during the constant wishing and hoping through her childhood in wartime China and, later, in the US as an impoverished student with no family support.

My father, a chemical engineer, had worked hard for an education in Western science. He generally scoffed at old customs, keeping his silence on this subject. And yet, he didn’t contradict anything my mother said about it. With a child’s instinct, I sensed he believed in the superstitions my

In This Issue

Table of Contents:

20: Red bag; medea.world. Pink bag, jacket, top, skirt, and shoes; prada.com. Sterling King earring; sterlingkingny.com. Tailor: Cha Cha Zutic.

Cover Look: **20:** Dress; bottegaveneta.com. Septum ring; tiffany.com. Manicurist: Dawn Sterling. Tailor: Thao Huynh. **Editor's Letter:**

24: Right photo: dress; bottegaveneta.com. Tiffany & Co. septum ring; tiffany.com. Manicurist: Dawn Sterling. Tailor: Thao Huynh. **Contributors:**

28: Top left photo: Left:

Khaite skirt; khaite.com. Ferragamo shoes; ferragamo.com. Right: Proenza Schouler shoes; proenza schouler.com. Bottom right photo: On Nu: Merrill Rogge top; Peri.A, Aspen and Los Angeles. Good American skirt; goodamerican.com. Proenza Schouler shoes; proenza schouler.com. Y/Project earrings. On Choi: Hermès shirt; Hermès boutiques. Y/Project skirt; yproject.fr. On Shi: Snow Xue Gao top; snowxuegao.com. Khaite skirt; khaite

.com. Ferragamo shoes; ferragamo.com. Manicurist: Miku Tsutaya. Tailor: Cha Cha Zutic. **Emma in Paris:** **32:** Manicurist: Eri Handa. **New Romantics:** **37:** From top to bottom:

Darius chain; Bergdorf Goodman. Castro Smith signet ring; Dover Street Market. Prounis collar; prounisjewelry.com.

FREE RADICAL

51: Shirt and skirt; Valentino boutiques. Septum ring and rings; tiffany.com. **53:** Bra and skirt; select Dior boutiques. Shoes; alexander mcqueen.com.

54: Dress; loewe.com. **56–57:** Dress and earrings; proenza schouler.com. **58:** Dress; maison-

alaia.com. Tiffany & Co. earrings; tiffany.com.

59: Dress; jilsander.com. Vex Latex gloves; vexclothing.com.

61: Corset and skirt; erdem.com. Louis Olsen x Dinosaur Designs earrings. Manicurist: Dawn Sterling. Tailor: Thao Huynh.

GO BIG!

62: Earring; sterlingkingny.com.

67: Earring; sterlingkingny.com. Tailor: Cha Cha Zutic.

A GOOD SIGN

76–79: On Isaac: blazer, shirt, pants, and tie; prada.com.

On Brosnahan: dress; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. **80–81:** On Isaac: fedora; stetson.com.

On Brosnahan: coat; coach.com. Tailor: Cha Cha Zutic.

RING IN THE NEW!

83: Shoes; toryburch.com. **85:** Necklace; swarovski.com.

86: Earrings; jenniferfisherjewelry.com.

87: Earrings; ariana boussardreibel.com.

88: Earrings; paula mendoza.com. **89:** On Shi: Ferragamo shoe; ferragamo.com.

Patricia Von Musulin earring; patricia vonmusulin.com. On

Choi: Aquazzura shoe; aquazzura.com. Svrn earring; svrnshop.com. **91:** Chain necklace; jackvartanian.com. Panconesi hoops; marcpanconesi.com.

Manicurist: Miku Tsutaya. Tailor: Cha Cha Zutic.

INTO THE LIGHT

92: Dress; Chanel boutiques. Earrings; paulamendoza.com.

mother explicitly asserted. Even then, I knew my father was more afraid of the power of bad luck than he was hopeful for good luck. He had grown up in mainland China under the Japanese occupation, and had been homeless in a war, before he turned 19. He had gone hungry. The prolonged, high-wire act of his life was arriving in this country at age 30 with nothing, raising a family on an inadequate salary, and somehow managing to put all four of his daughters through Ivy League colleges. As a parent now myself, I can see he took responsibility for our lives, and so his fear of bad fortune was embedded in some deeper, more elemental part of his nature. His fear was the bedrock of the nightmares he suffered since I can remember.

When they first came to Wisconsin—that desolate, frozen tundra—my mother and father decided to have no family holidays at all. They didn't believe in American customs. The idea of a fat white man in a red suit sliding down the chimney was entirely bizarre to them. As for Lunar New Year, celebrated by more people than any other holiday in the world, almost no one in Appleton, Wisconsin, knew the slightest thing about it. The gathering of family, the making of sticky rice cakes,

the noise and celebration of the New Year in diasporic communities all over the world meant nothing to the people around us.

But after a year, my parents realized how important it was to have something to look forward to. Our family began to celebrate not only the Lunar New Year, but Christmas and Thanksgiving as well. With the arrival of more Chinese families in our town, we gathered with them for a big meal on New Year's Eve. My mother exchanged rumors on the coming year's horoscopes with the other mothers, finding a lot to discuss even after my oldest sister, the Horse, was happily married.

Now, as a Chinese American living and teaching at a university in the Midwest, Lunar New Year is a cultural holiday I observe and try to share with my coworkers, friends, and family—a cause for celebration in the coldest, darkest part of winter. I accept my parents' customs as a way of showing my love for them, my loyalty to them and their experience. Because I live in another small Midwestern city, celebrating Lunar New Year has meant learning to share my rituals with people I love to whom the traditions are not familiar. I've also explained these customs to my biracial daughter, who

is one generation more removed from my parents and their world.

This New Year's Eve, I don't know if I'll have time to clean the house. But I will set aside an hour for my bathroom ritual. I'll schedule family haircuts, and send emails reminding non-Chinese friends to wash, clip, and snip. And even though next year will not be a Dragon year, I'll rifle through the cabinets at work to dig up a worn stuffed dragon, the gilt rubbing off its wings, that was given to me as a New Year gift by a beloved and now deceased mentor. I'll invite interested students to help me throw a party. We'll decorate the place with the dragon, red signs, cartoon animals, and streamers. We'll buy oranges and gold foil-covered chocolate coins. Then we'll host a big, boisterous Chinese lunch. Everyone will eat, make noise, and scare away demons. They'll take out their phones and look up their birth animals, and try to predict what will happen to them in the Year of the Rabbit. The following day, I will put on something red, so the Money God can see me, and I will go outside to walk in all directions. □

*Lan Samantha Chang is the author of the novel *The Family Chao*.*

Necklaces from Jack Vartanian (jackvartanian.com), Swarovski (swarovski.com), and Ippolita (ippolita.com). Manicurist: Miku Tsutaya. Tailor: Cha Cha Zutic.

JUST ONE THING
94–95: On Nicola: Fendi clog; fendi.com. On Brooklyn: bracelet; chromehearts.com. **96:** On Brooklyn:

Chrome Hearts chain necklace and bracelet; chromehearts.com. On Nicola: Gabriela Hearst belt; gabrielahearst.com. **97:** On Nicola: Louis Vuitton boots; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. Medal set; vancliefarpels.com. On Brooklyn: Save Khaki United T-shirt; savekhaki.com. **98:** On Brooklyn: R13 flannel; r13.com. Save Khaki

United T-shirt; savekhaki.com. On Nicola: Loewe clog; loewe.com. Irene Neuwirth earrings; irenenewirth.com. **99:** Hat; maison margiela.com. Chrome Hearts chain necklace and bracelet; chromehearts.com. **100:** On Nicola: Louis Vuitton boots; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. Belt; doverstreetmarket

.com. On Brooklyn: Prada coat; prada.com. **101:** On Nicola: Louis Vuitton boot; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. Manicurist: Sreynin Peng. Tailor: Susie Kourinian.

THE GET
102–103: 1. Earrings; price upon request.

LAST LOOK
110: Bag; Hermès boutiques.

CONDÉ NAST IS COMMITTED TO GLOBAL ENVIRONMENTAL SUSTAINABILITY. SCAN HERE FOR DETAILS.



VOGUE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC. COPYRIGHT © 2023 CONDÉ NAST. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. VOLUME 213, NO. 1. VOGUE (ISSN 0042-8000) is published monthly except bimonthly in Winter and Summer by Condé Nast, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 1 World Trade Center, New York, NY 10007. Roger Lynch, Chief Executive Officer; Pamela Drucker Mann, Global Chief Revenue Officer & President, U.S. Revenue & APAC; Jackie Marks, Chief Financial Officer. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. 123242885-RT0001. POSTMASTER: Send all UAA to CFS (see DMM 50715.2); NON-POSTAL AND MILITARY FACILITIES: Send address corrections to VOGUE, P.O. Box 37617, Boone, IA 50037-0617. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, ADJUSTMENTS, OR BACK-ISSUE INQUIRIES: Please write to VOGUE, P.O. Box 37617, Boone, IA 50037-0617, call 800-234-2347, or email subscriptions@vogue.com. Please give both new and old addresses as printed on most recent label. Subscribers: If the Post Office alerts us that your magazine is undeliverable, we have no further obligation unless we receive a corrected address within one year. If, during your subscription term or up to one year after the magazine becomes undeliverable, you are ever dissatisfied with your subscription, let us know. You will receive a full refund on all unmailed issues. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within four weeks after receipt of order. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to VOGUE Magazine, 1 World Trade Center, New York, NY 10007. For reprints, please email reprints@condenast.com or call Wright's Media 877-652-5295. For reuse permissions, please email contentlicensing@condenast.com or call 800-897-8666. Visit us online at www.vogue.com. To subscribe to other Condé Nast magazines on the World Wide Web, visit www.condenast.com. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services that we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at P.O. Box 37617, Boone, IA 50037-0617, or call 800-234-2347.

VOGUE IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RETURN OR LOSS OF, OR FOR DAMAGE OR ANY OTHER INJURY TO, UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS, UNSOLICITED ART WORK (INCLUDING, BUT NOT LIMITED TO, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND TRANSPARENCIES), OR ANY OTHER UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. THOSE SUBMITTING MANUSCRIPTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, ART WORK, OR OTHER MATERIALS FOR CONSIDERATION SHOULD NOT SEND ORIGINALS, UNLESS SPECIFICALLY REQUESTED TO DO SO BY VOGUE IN WRITING. MANUSCRIPTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND OTHER MATERIALS SUBMITTED MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE.

Last Look



Hermès bag

If an Hermès Kelly Élan bag makes the heart flutter, one bedecked with a delicate row of feathers will surely cause the knees to buckle. This divinely decorated handmade purse features an electric burst of plumes arranged in a neat line below the iconic lock closure. Variations come in a classic black and camel-y brown hue (among others), but why not go for Hermès's signature shade? It's a perfect marriage of It bag heritage and imaginative pizzazz.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DELALI AYIVI



**95% OF WOMEN HAD
VISIBLY-SMOOTHER SKIN**

in just 7 days with Olay Hyaluronic Body Lotion.* Elevate your head-to-toe skincare routine with Olay Hyaluronic Body Wash and Olay Facial Moisturizer.

SCAN TO CART



*based on expert texture grading vs. baseline when used 2x/day



LOUIS VUITTON